

# TOYA THE UNLIKE



ELEANOR  
MERCEIN  
KELLY

# TOYA THE UNLIKE



“There you are ! We were just talking about you,”  
said Lansing nervously.      *See page 178*

# *TOYA THE UNLIKE*

BY

ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

*WITH A FRONTISPIECE*

*BY ARTHUR HUTCHINS*



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**TO A PUBLIC UPON WHOSE PATIENT  
ENTHUSIASM I CAN ALWAYS RELY —  
My Husband**

# TOYA THE UNLIKE

# *PART I*

# TOYA THE UNLIKE

## CHAPTER I

**U**PON the deck of an ocean liner that was about to leave its dock at Yokohama appeared a blond and leisurely young man in extremely well-cut tweeds, with a little girl tightly gripping the edge of his coat. People turned to stare and smile at the ill-assorted pair as they passed.

It was not a pretty little girl. Her face, by contrast with the fresh-cheeked American children playing about, was sallow and singularly broad; her little body was too square; she was dressed in a hideous costume of plaid woolen, which, although it fitted her — Harry Lansing was particular about the fit of a woman's clothes — gave somehow the effect of having been made for another child. She gazed calmly about her with eyes which nature had made incapable of widening under the stress of excitement, and which gave her baby face a curiously imper-

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turbable expression, like the face of a Hindu image. Nothing indicated the inner turmoil of her spirit except that determined grip on her friend's coat, a grip which he had been unable by the use of either tact or force to loosen.

It caused the young man no little embarrassment, though he managed to move among the staring groups as nonchalantly as if he were in the habit of going about the world with girl-children attached like limpets to his person.

"Here's old Harry at last," exclaimed a man's voice; and a young woman turned suddenly from the rail to greet him, a smile lighting her lovely face, although the lips were a trifle petulant.

"Well!" she said. "I had given you up. How did you get down from Tokyo in time? I was sure you were going to miss the boat."

"Do I ever miss your boat?" he replied.

"But you told us you'd be gone three days, and you were gone a week! Was Kamioko so much more interesting than Tokyo? Did you find your friend, Madame Thousand Joys, as entrancing as ever?"

"No," he said quietly.

Mrs. Warwick raised her eyebrows. "Then what kept you?"



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"A celebration." His eyes dropped to the child, and hers followed them. She had not noticed her before.

"Harry!" she exclaimed. "What have you got hold of this time?"

"That?" Lansing had the casual, off-hand manner of a dog that has been caught smuggling his bone into the house. "Why, that is Toya. Speak to Mrs. Warwick, Toya."

The child reluctantly abandoned the coat edge and made *ojigi*, going down on her knees and politely bumping her forehead upon the deck.

"Mercy! Do get up. What's she doing that for, Harry?" said the lady, startled.

"Because she's been well brought up. Now American fashion, Toya."

The child held out a limp hand, and murmured glibly, in one breath, "Ver-ree well, I thang you, it is fine wedders, my name Mees Marri-ott."

Lansing smiled with pardonable pride.

"It took me just two days to teach her these few essentials of social intercourse — though, of course, she'd had groundwork in English from her father."

The child whispered something in Japanese.

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"Toya wishes to know," he translated, blushing a little, "whether you are 'that most beautiful lady in the world' I told her about. What's that?"

The child whispered something else, and he gently patted her hand. "She thinks," he added, "that you are n't quite as beautiful as her mother. I dare say she is a trifle prejudiced."

"But where did you get her?" demanded Mrs. Warwick impatiently. "Harry, I hope you have n't gone and done something foolish."

Her husband chuckled, an ugly, sneering sound that caused Toya suddenly to renew her grip on the coat edge.

"What pointed questions, my dear Lily! If Harry chooses to add a *mousmé* to his Japanese collections, why not catch it young? I think it's a good idea myself. Only, is n't it rather like buying a pig in a poke? Seems to me you've chosen an unpromising specimen, old man!"

He looked the child over with appraising eyes that caused her to smile very widely, because she was frightened.

Lansing replied to Mrs. Warwick, pointedly ignoring her husband:

"Don't worry — I'm simply taking the child

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home as a glad surprise for her grandfather Marriott. Won't he be pleased?"

The group that had gathered around them looked at Toya with new interest.

"Do you mean to say she is a granddaughter of Simon Marriott?" asked somebody.

"You know the story, don't you?" said another, in a low voice. "Young Marriott was rather a lame duck — poet, or artist, or something of the sort. Started off to see the world, and got no farther than Japan. The Lotus-eaters, Land of Afternoon — all that sort of thing. Took up with a geisha girl, did n't he? At any rate, the old man cut him off with a shilling."

"Without it," amended Lansing briefly. "He did worse than 'take up with' a geisha girl — he married her."

There were murmurs and lifted eyebrows, and somebody asked: "What for?"

Lansing turned directly to the speaker, and his smile had the chill of ice.

"Because he was the decentest chap I ever knew," he said. "Because he happened to fall in love with the girl, and, being, as you say, a mere artist, a lame duck, a lotus-eater, he chose to turn his back on the rest of us to save a woman

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out of hell. By the way — but I suppose there's no use trying to make you people believe that geisha girls are n't always as — shall we say as pink? — as they are painted."

The group around them melted uncomfortably away, and he was left alone with Mrs. Warwick. Lansing usually accomplished his purposes when he cared to take the trouble.

"I am afraid this is going to be rather a bore for you, Lily," he said as they walked up and down the deck, the child trotting quietly beside them. "Your maid can look after the little thing, can't she? It's a nuisance, I know, but really I could n't very well get out of it. Marriott was so awfully decent to me when I was out here the year I left college, making a bally ass of myself. So was little Miss Thousand Joys." He smiled reminiscently. "Lord, but I was crazy about her! All of us were. She was the fashion in Tokyo that winter. We used to get up celebrations every night or so, just for an excuse to have her dance. And every last one of us was sure that her smiles, and glances, and pretty ways were meant for him alone. Of course, that's as far as it went."

"Of course!" murmured Mrs. Warwick ironically.

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He took her up with an earnestness unusual to him.

"Don't make any mistake about little Miss Thousand Joys. She had plenty of smiles and glances for every one, and nothing else — except for Marriott. She never made eyes at him. She could n't. She loved him. Nobody realized it, he least of all, until he came down with a bad cough, and she ran away from the tea house to nurse him."

"How romantic! And then he married her?"

"Not for a while. You see, she was supporting a large family of sisters and brothers, as well as an ancestor or two. Marriage had not entered into her calculations. She was the daughter of a Samurai, who found himself, when the order of Samurai got abolished by the government, expected to support his family on a magnificent pension of four *yen* a month. That's about two dollars. Being a nobleman, of course no business career was open to him, and as there was no war on at the time, his sword was a drug on the market. A few of the Samurai were made into policemen, but he was not one of the lucky ones. So he thoughtfully committed *hara-kiri*, in order that the pension might go farther.

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Even then it did not go far enough; so the oldest child bade farewell, at fourteen, to her kin and her caste, and entered the tea house of the Rising Moon. Thereafter she was dead to her family — who managed to subsist in comfort on her ghostly earnings, however. When the sisters and brothers were all settled in life as became the offspring of Samurai, she allowed Marriott and his cough to overpersuade her. He bought her indenture from the owner of the tea house, and married her."

"That," said Mrs. Warwick, "was rather nice of him. I hope they are living happily together ever after?"

Lansing lighted a cigarette with some care before he answered:

"I believe they are, somewhere. The celebration I spoke of at Kamioko was Marriott's — his last one. When I reached the house, a queer little pagoda-like affair perched above a waterfall, I found the entire neighborhood on hand, pleasantly drunk with *saké*. There was an orchestra of singers and bells and moon-fiddles, which sounded like a flock of amorous tomcats upon a back fence. Madame Thousand Joys came running to meet me, smiling and sweet as



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ever, with her front teeth blackened, and her eyebrows shaved."

"Harry! What for?"

"Because she was a widow. Nobody left to be beautiful for. I found Marriott inside, packed neatly into a large vase shaped like a flowerpot, with aromatic leaves stuffed around him, and a large pile of presents in front from admiring friends and neighbors. Always was a popular chap. Later we had him carefully baked, while the company sat around the oven, joking and drinking, to see the job through. It was the most cheerful formal entertainment I've ever been to. Madame Thousand Joys was quite the life of the party."

The other shivered. "I thought you said she loved him!"

"She did. She could give lessons in the art of loving, and giving, to any woman I know. Being Japanese, she saw no reason why private feelings should interfere with the duties of hospitality. . . . My arrival seemed providential. The funeral had taken what little money Marriott left — his financial arrangements were always sketchy — and Madame Thousand Joys had conceived the idea of sending Toya to her grandfather;

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a great American *daimyo*, she told me, naturally proud and prejudiced against geisha girls in the family. She was sure that the sight of her infant's charms would mollify him.

"It seems that toward the last Marriott had turned Spread Eagle, and talked about nothing except his people and God's country, poor chap! So Madame Thousand Joys naïvely proposed that I take charge of Toya, and defray her expenses with Marriott's unsold paintings. There were plenty of 'em. Can't you see me settling a hotel bill with a water-color of Fujiyama in eruption?"

Mrs. Warwick laughed a trifle impatiently.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, you were born to be the prey of all designing women! Are you sure you're not still a little bit in love with Madame Thousand Joys?"

He smiled down at her.

"Quite sure," he said.

Her sudden flush was out of proportion to his words, if not to the look that accompanied them.

"Don't, Harry!"

"Don't what?"

She came back to the subject hurriedly.

"And the mother — she has gone back to the geisha, I suppose?"

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"No. She has gone — elsewhere." He patted the cheek of the child beside him. "Little girl, I see some other children playing over there. Why don't you go and join them?"

She looked up at him wistfully.

"August command reverently obeying am," she said in Japanese, and trotted reluctantly away.

## CHAPTER II

**T**HE other children did not invite her to join their play, although she bowed to them politely many times. They nudged each other, and whispered, and even went so far as to make faces at her. Toya was not surprised. It was very much as she and the servant's son, O. Bo Chan, would have acted if strange children had invaded their garden beside the waterfall. "They are only foreign devils, and their hair is red, and their eyes green," she consoled herself. In Japan all eyes that are not black are green, and all blond hair is red — misfortunes that are to be regarded with pity and discreet mirth. The secret of Marriott's complete adoption by the Japanese was his dark coloring. Nevertheless, some obscure inner stirring of race made Toya wish for the moment that her hair gleamed in the sunlight like the gleaming hair of these others.

She squatted on her heels for a long time, patiently watching the foreign devils amuse themselves. Once she arose and turned a few tentative

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handsprings, which failed to produce any effect except increased whisperings and gigglings. Once a little dog came by, and paused to sniff at her new shoes. She caught him by the tail, murmuring in apology, "O honorable puppy, deign to play with unworthy me, because of loneliness." But the dog did not understand Japanese, and escaped with a yelp of protest.

From time to time she cast wistful glances at her friend, deep in conversation with the Lily lady. Native tact told her that it were best not to interrupt, but it did seem to her that the time for tiffin must be near. Her mother would be watching for them in the garden, anxious to hear all the wonders of the day.

She produced from some inner recess of her costume a crayon and a long strip of paper, upon which she proceeded to make a laborious vertical list of marvels to relate; for she was a methodical little person. First, the journey in a house attached to a fire-snorting demon, whom men had trained to do their bidding. Strange food, eaten high up above the floor with the legs hanging downward until they were numb and prickled — and she had used the American chopsticks with all the ease of a foreign devil, even as her father

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had taught her, so that Arri San watched the performance with surprise and pleasure. The exchanging of her clothes for complete foreign dress, the kimono for this dress of many colors, the socks and sandals for boxes of shiny leather, in which her toes wriggled with proud discomfort; above all the hat, a *kasa* such as coolies wear, but laden with all the flowers that grow, and some that do not grow, in Japan. Harry Lansing fancied himself a connoisseur in women's hats. He had selected for Toya's round little sleek head a confection that would have graced the elaborate coiffure of Lily Warwick. The child was correct in her complacent belief that even the foreign devils stared at it.

Then there was a collection of gifts which Arri San had allowed her to purchase; a tiny silver pipe for her mother, one of bone for the servant, an ivory fish that wriggled for her playmate, O Bo Chan, a new paint brush for her father — for in the feminine delights of shopping, Toya forgot that her father was beyond the need of paint brushes, and Lansing had forbore to remind her. She patted the gifts happily. Surely she would be welcome at her home this night, even if she came too late for tiffin, so that



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the footman must run ahead of their 'ricksha with a lantern to light the way.

On and on went the ship. She had never been so far upon the ocean, even that day when her father took her out in his sampan, and lay upon his back, admiring the cloud effects and drinking from a flask, so that he forgot the tide, and fishermen sent out by her mother had to tow them in. Uneasiness grew upon her, that was not entirely uneasiness of the spirit. She was no longer hungry — quite the reverse. Perhaps the captain of the ship had a flask like her father, and was forgetting the tide? Far away she heard the ringing of a temple bell, sweet and faint. She looked toward the land, and jumped to her feet in dismay. There was no land — only the great red sun, preparing to take his evening bath in the ocean.

Lansing felt a tugging at his sleeve. "Arri San! I have sorry —" Toya spread an expressive palm across the plaid front of her.

"Oh, dear! The child's going to be a bad sailor," sighed Mrs. Warwick.

"I've prepared for that contingency." Lansing produced from his pocket a green jade idol, and handed it to Toya. "Do you recognize this gentleman?"

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"The great god Binzuro," she murmured reverently.

"Rub his tummy, and you'll be all right. The great god Binzuro," he explained to the surprised Mrs. Warwick, "has gifts as a mental healer. It seems that Buddha had to put him out of heaven because he had too keen an eye for the ladies of earth; but it was such a natural, likable failing that to compensate the poor chap, Buddha gave him the power to cure all human ills. Naturally he became very popular. If you've got an ailment, all you need do is to rub Binzuro in the affected part, and he makes it well. No household complete without Binzuro! Once I caught Madame Thousand Joys earnestly massaging the god's chest in an effort to cure Marriott's cough. She explained afterward that the measure failed only because her husband was too proud to do his own rubbing."

"New thought among the heathen," said Mrs. Warwick.

"Not exactly new — nor should I call the Japanese heathen," murmured Lansing.

But even the rubbing of Binzuro failed to tranquillize Toya. Once more Lansing felt the gentle tugging at his sleeve.

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"August pardon deign, but the honorable ship, is it not time returning back?"

"Honorable ship is n't going to return back to-night, little girl. You promised to be very good if I would take you to America to see the august ancestor — don't you remember?"

"To-morrow going at America to see august one," said Toya firmly. "To-night going at home at my mother. I have sleepy."

Lansing turned helplessly to Mrs. Warwick.

"Does n't she know about her mother?" she whispered.

He shook a guilty head.

"Thought I'd leave it for you to tell. Women know how to do that sort of thing."

She gave him a reproachful glance, but her voice was very sweet when she spoke to the child.

"Would n't you like to come and — and sit on my lap, and let me tell you a story or something?" she said hesitatingly.

Toya was willing to give her a chance. She submitted without demur to the hands that drew her close, but when the beautiful face bent down to hers, she politely pushed it away. Mrs. Warwick flushed scarlet.

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"Japanese mothers don't teach their children kissing and cuddling," Lansing explained hastily. "I believe the time has come to play my trump card."

He produced from its wrappings a magnificent French doll, in full evening dress, with languishing lashes and a full complement of teeth. Toya drew back in alarm. She wondered whether it would bite her.

"There!" beamed her friend. "It's yours. Do you like it?"

"I give you thangs," murmured the child faintly. Like it! That grinning foreign devil with its shameless expanse of waxen bosom? She shuddered visibly.

"The doll," said Lansing *sotto voce*, "is not a success. What next?"

Mrs. Warwick shrugged.

"What can you do with a child who will not allow herself to be kissed? We might send for Agnèse. Perhaps she's had some experience with children."

"A Frenchwoman? I doubt it," murmured Lansing; but the maid was sent for.

Toya eyed the voluble advances of Agnèse with wondering distaste. Why should the chat-

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tering lady offer her sweetmeats in place of her mother? It seemed silly.

"I suppose she'll begin to cry next," murmured Mrs. Warwick.

"No, she won't. She's a Samurai. The harder it hurts, the harder she smiles. Look at that grin! Isn't it pathetic?"

Toya suddenly went to the rail and began climbing over.

"Here, hold on! What are you doing?" exclaimed Lansing, turning pale.

She explained that she had decided to swim home to her mother, since the ship would not turn back.

"I swim very ni-ize," she explained in her difficult English. "I swim more ni-ize as the honorable frog. You shall see!"

Lansing was at his wit's end. He looked desperately at the indifferent women about him. Was there not a mother in the lot who could help him out?

"Look here! What would you be doing if you were at home now, Toya?" he demanded.

In an eager mixture of Japanese and American she told him that they would be sitting beneath the cherry tree in the garden, her mother

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making little music with the *samisen*, her father lying at their feet and "coughing so" — she illustrated with a faithfulness rather painful to Marriott's friend — and the pet fireflies would be beginning to twinkle in their cage; and overhead in the branches our little brothers the birds would be making sounds of drowsiness.

"For it is the time when all the small folk of the earth prepare for sleep," she said.

"Oh, is it? Well, suppose we do some preparing ourselves? Let's pretend the smokestack way up there is a cherry tree, Toya, with birds and fireflies and all sorts of things roosting in it, eh? My voice is n't as melodious as Madame Thousand Joys', but, thank Heaven, I do know some songs."

They sat with their backs against the cabin, indifferent to the amused glances of the passers, while Lansing hoarsely crooned a ditty with the refrain, "Yokohama, Nagasaki, Hakodate, hai" — not at all the sort of song, by the way, with which nice little girls should be lulled to sleep. But Toya was not particular. For a while she listened out of sheer politeness. Presently she forgot to listen. Her limbs relaxed, the aching lump went out of her throat, she saw the

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sunset die for the last time over Japan with eyes that heeded not. Strong arms held her, and in her ears whispered the beautiful phrase with which Japan sends its children into dreamland, "*Oyasumi nasi.*"<sup>1</sup>

To this day, on the borderland between sleep and waking, Toya is never quite certain whether it is the voice of Lansing or of her mother that whispers at the last, "*Oyasumi nasi.*"

<sup>1</sup> "May you enjoy honorable tranquillity."

## CHAPTER III

**L**ANSING found the subsequent attentions of his charge somewhat disconcerting. He had arranged with Mrs. Warwick's maid to take care of her at night, and was under the vague impression that children took care of themselves during play-hours. But Toya was his shadow, always unobtrusive, always quiet and politely smiling, and always there. About the decks, about the saloons and the card room, she followed him like fate. He was secretly a little flattered by such open preference. The children of his friends had not proved so appreciative. They required constantly to be amused, to have embarrassing questions answered; whereas Toya seemed content with his mere society. But his society meant also the society of Mrs. Warwick, and Lansing was forced to admit that his "most beautiful lady in the world" had not a way with children. "Probably because she has none of her own, poor dear," he said to himself loyally. Mrs. Warwick's husband used often to watch the



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three of them strolling about together, a smile of sardonic amusement in his eyes.

"Really, the child ought to go off and play with other children, Harry. She's uncanny," complained the lady one day.

"Do you hear that? You're uncanny, Miss Marriott," said Lansing, tweaking the child's ear. "Why don't you play with the other children?"

"Because they make so at me" — her grimace was so startling that Mrs. Warwick's silvery laughter pealed out.

Lansing checked her with a quick glance.

"Ssh! Orientals can't bear to be laughed at. Don't mind the children's rudeness, Toya. They mean no harm. It's just that they feel strange with you. You're so unlike the other little girls."

She replied slowly: "I have sorry to be unlike, Arri San."

It was the only complaint he ever heard her make. Nor were there any further demands to be taken home to her mother. He gratefully put off explanations from day to day, hoping that, as time passed, she would forget her mother. He was not aware of the rapidly growing list of won-

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ders that was being prepared for Madame Thousand Joys. Toya took great comfort in the thought that she was seeing the world for two.

Gradually the freemasonry of childhood broke down the barriers of race. Toya's occasional lonely handsprings attracted favorable notice, as did also her skill with tops; and one day an exclusive young person did her the honor to exchange dolls with her, whereby Toya lost possession of the proud French beauty and became the mother of a battered object upon which her affections had unaccountably settled at sight. She ran to Lansing with her treasure, speechless with happiness. He had not known how her broad little face could quiver and sparkle.

"But, my dear girl," he said, after a careful inspection, "it looks to me as though your new friend had done you on the deal. This doll is neither so large nor so dressy as yours. She has no voice, no figure worth mentioning, and only one eye."

"That eye," explained Toya, in voluble Japanese, "is honorably black, like to the eye of me! Deign also to observe."

She lifted the doll's skirt with a reverent joy

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which Lansing recognized as peculiar to the young mothers of his acquaintance, and exhibited a bisque knee in which there was an unmistakable dimple.

"I see," he said gravely. "The next time I am in the market for dolls, I shall be certain that they have dimples in their knees."

Thereafter, every evening at sunset, Toya might be seen lulling her child to sleep with tuneless music; and there was a less wistful quality in her eternal smile.

Some days after the doll episode Lansing noticed a crowd on deck one morning, from the midst of which issued sounds of battle. Strolling over, he discovered his charge in mortal combat with a little boy; while over them, evidently acting as referee, stood Paul Warwick, his cynical eyes shining with unusual interest.

"For God's sake, don't butt in, Lansing!" he exclaimed testily. "I've got ten up on Toya. She's all right! Fights grinnin'. You can't lick that kind. I'd back her against anything of her weight on board."

Lansing remonstrated, but his voice acted upon Toya as the voice of its master acts upon a fighting dog. She gave him a reassuring glance,

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panted "*Hai!*" and went to work in earnest. Lansing gazed at her, astonished. Where had the gentle little creature come by such ferocity, such skill, such hardihood? Her lip was bleeding, her eyes gleamed; each time the boy's frantic punches landed on her fat little body she grunted and went him one better. The ring of men and boys began to cheer. Lansing soon found himself shouting with the rest: "Good one! Go it, Toya!"

"Good Lord! If the female children can put up such a fight as this, I don't want any wars with Japan!" laughed somebody.

Indignant parents arrived, and Toya was pried from a vanquished foe, gorily beaming.

"What a horrible little savage!" gasped the mother.

"What were you fighting a girl for, anyway?" demanded the mortified father.

Toya explained serenely: "Him must to fight. I punch august stomach."

A few hours later, Lansing found her teaching the enemy a new wrinkle in top-spinning.

"Hello! You've made friends with this chap already?" he asked, surprised.

"Him very ni-ize child," said Toya conde-

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scendingly. "Him not make faze on me no more."

Lansing was conscious of a curious new warmth about his heart.

"Toya, you're a sport and a gentleman," he said, and gave her the grip of fellowship.

## CHAPTER IV

“**A**ND what are you going to do,” asked Mrs. Warwick the day before they landed, “if old Mr. Marriott declines to take the child off your hands? Toya may not appeal to his fancy, you know. She really is not alluring.”

Harry pulled a long face.

“Don’t suggest such a possibility! But he could n’t be so unnatural. Why, he has n’t anybody else in the world! She’s his own flesh and blood.”

“So was her father.”

“But she’s such a helpless little kiddie!”

Mrs. Warwick smiled.

“Do you know anything much more helpless than a consumptive artist, with habits? No, no, Harry; helplessness is n’t the quality that appeals to old robber barons, like Marriott.”

“Oh, well,” said the other nonchalantly, “I’m not worrying. You’ll see me through.”

“I?” She looked rather startled. “What could I do? Now don’t ask me to take care of

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her, Harry, please! I really could n't have her in the house. She stares at me with those queer Oriental eyes until I begin to fidget like a school-girl. I'm positively afraid of the child. I don't believe she likes me. People don't usually dislike me, you know!" she said plaintively.

"What makes you think she dislikes you?"

"Have n't you noticed how she watches me whenever we are together? No matter how busily she is playing, as soon as you join me she arrives to mount guard."

He smiled down at her, amused. She was stretched her graceful, exquisite length in a steamer chair, chiffons blowing airily about her, a faint rose in her cheeks from the kiss of the salt breeze. He drew nearer, near enough for the strands of her hair to whip tinglingly across his hands. Her eyes, lifted to his, were the blue of the sea about them, clear, and shining, and a little cool.

It was this slight suggestion of chill, the delicate detachment of her, that appealed most strongly to Lansing, wearied already of franker allurements.

Several years of disillusioning marriage had left Lily Warwick oddly virginal, almost conventional, in her attitude toward life. There was

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a strain of chivalry in him that yearned to do homage, to protect. The other women of his world had not discovered it, possibly because homage and protection were not what they desired from a young man of Lansing's type; but Lily Warwick, with her fragile loveliness, her notoriously unhappy marriage, her almost religious detachment from the life in which she moved, satisfied his need of something to worship.

Unused to self-denial, he would have protected her with all that was in him, even from himself. Yet sometimes the impulse to tease was irresistible. Despite their intimacy and his perfectly open devotion, she retreated from the slightest hint of the personal with the shyness of a young girl; a retreat which naturally, if unconsciously, invited pursuit.

So now he said: "Don't you really know what is the matter with Toya? The little beggar's fond of me, and — well, she's a woman child. She's jealous of you."

Her delicate eyebrows drew together, and she gathered her wraps around her as if she were about to leave him.

He laughed softly.

"Lily, you're so absurd! I am at liberty to



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fetch and carry for you like a servant, to follow you about, to feel just whatever I like about you — so long as I don't bother you with my feelings! Is that it? Why be an ostrich? Everybody knows."

She gave him a beseeching glance, and he saw to his dismay that her eyes were full of tears.

"Why will you talk this way when you know how terribly I need a friend?"

It was the first open reference she had made to her unhappiness.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, all contrition. "I did n't mean — of course I am your friend. Nothing else. I'm proud to be your friend. You trust me, don't you? You do trust me?"

She nodded, her lips tremulous.

"And you'll count on me to do whatever I can for you, at any time, wherever I am? You'll send for me? Promise! Though you'll probably not have to send for me. I'll be right there."

"Thank you," she said, very low. "Yes — please be 'right there.'" She gave him a shy, very sweet glance. "I'd like to do something for you, too. Let me help you about Toya."

He went into the new subject with relief.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Your Anglo-Saxon does not breathe freely in the hothouse atmosphere of sentiment.

"Oh, Toya! Well, I thought perhaps you'd present her to the old gentleman for me, and put the matter up to him tactfully. It's no job for me. I was too fond of Marriott. Fact is, I interfered once before, at the time of his marriage; tried to tell the old chap what a perfectly nice daughter-in-law he was getting, *et cetera*. He practically kicked me out. You might ring in a little pathos, and family pride, all that sort of thing. And look your loveliest, Lily. They say the old iceberg was quite susceptible in his day."

"Really? What a pity Toya is n't pretty! That would be half the battle. If she could only wear native costume she might not be so bad. Well, we must do what we can with her. We'll stop over in San Francisco a few days, and get her some decent clothes."

"I bought her a lot of togs at that English shop in Tokyo. What's the matter with them?"

She laughed softly.

"Everything! But you're rather a dear just the same. And if the old gentleman won't have her in spite of me, what then?"

"God knows!"

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"It seems to me it was a little premature of the mother to commit *hara-kiri* before she was sure her child would be taken care of."

"She *was* sure," said Lansing simply. "I promised. Of course, I had no idea of what the poor little woman was contemplating. You see, she thought that a mother out of the geisha might be a handicap to Toya's future career."

A silence fell between them, an unconscious tribute to the woman who had practiced her great art of giving to the uttermost; and behind them, the child, who had come up unnoticed a few moments before, crept away again, the smile frozen hard upon her lips.

She squatted down behind a coil of rope, desperately hugging the doll to her breast.

"Mother!" she said in a frightened whisper. "*Hara-kiri!*" It was a word she understood very well. In Japan even the babies have been taught to look upon death as a friend who may be summoned at will when all other friends fail. But her mother! What was the use, then, of the list of marvels? What was the use of journeys in the world, if one could not tell about them to one's mother, who had never made a journey anywhere?

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

She closed her eyes, and saw the little house in Kamioko, perched airily above its waterfall; saw the blooming cherry tree, and beneath it, all rose and silver in her best kimono, the little smiling figure of Madame Thousand Joys, watching for her traveled daughter to return from the great world. It was the picture she took into dream-land with her every night. If her mother was not there at home, where mothers ought to be, then where was she?

Dimly the child began to realize death. Before, she had not realized, even on that day when they called her in from play with O Bo Chan to see her father, fallen asleep.

"Speak to him, my Toya. Call him back — ah, quickly!" her mother had pleaded.

She called him again and again, in Japanese and then American fashion: "Farda! Farda!"

At last he opened his eyes to smile at her.

"Remember —" he said from his great distance. "American — Remember —"

"She shall remember, O my lord!" whispered her mother, and buried her face beside him.

Ah, why had nobody sent for her to call her mother back? The voice of the waterfall came to her from far away, as if in answer; the splash-

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

ing, sparkling waterfall that her mother loved — and below it the little river, hurrying swiftly away to sea. . . .

Presently in the child's agonized mind words began to form themselves, which she had been too excited to hear at the time they were spoken. They were the words of Madame Thousand Joys, bidding her farewell:

"When thou liest awake in the night, O my little Toya, be sure that thy mother is beside thee. When thy heart aches beyond bearing, listen to the voice of the wind and know that it is thy mother whispering comfort unto thee. For I have made sacrifice before my gods and before his gods, and the August Ones will permit me to keep watch over my child — that I know."

So Toya listened to the voice of the wind with new ears.

In the hour before dawn, Lansing was awakened from his soundest sleep by words spoken near him in the dark: "Is O Bo Chan also dead?"

It took him a moment to realize what had happened. Then he sat upright.

"No, no!" His voice shook a little. "The playmate is all right, Toya. You shall see *him* again some day, I promise you. But little girls

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

should n't be running about the ship in their nighties. Run back to Agnèse, sweetheart."

"I listen with respectful assent," murmured Toya. "The little pipe of silver — how shall I now bring that honorable gift to my mother?"

Lansing took the cold fingers in his, and stroked them.

"Let me see! We might give it to our little brothers, the waves, to take to your mother. I think — I am quite sure that they will know where to find her."

"Come," she said. He wrapped her in his greatcoat, and they went on deck, whence they cast a little silver pipe far out into the darkness for the sea to carry to Madame Thousand Joys. Some strips of paper containing the account of her daughter's travels followed. Then Toya slept.

## CHAPTER V

ON shore Mrs. Warwick devoted several days of weary martyrdom to the civilization of Toya, not only to please her friend, but also because the probable heiress of Simon Marriott's millions was not a young person to be altogether neglected. The child was quick and singularly eager to learn. Rather to Lansing's regret, the Japanese began to disappear out of her speech, and she spoke habitually in labored and careful American. He noticed, much to his amusement, that she had copied various little mannerisms of Mrs. Warwick's; gestures, and expressions, and a little trick of smiling with one corner of the mouth that showed Mrs. Warwick's famous dimple. Her appearance was more normal, though nothing could make of her a pretty little girl.

The plaid frock had been replaced by white piqué, the beloved flower garden by a simple hat with a ribbon; her stout little legs blushed to find themselves bare to the knee, except for a trifle of silk sock at the ankle. Toya was

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

accustomed to the sight of her entire village bathing together in great amity, unclad and unblushing, as they had bathed in all innocence for several thousand years; but this baring of oneself by inches, for no purpose, seemed to her both unbeautiful and unnecessary. For a day or so she walked with bent knees, in order to make the skirts cover as much nakedness as possible; but she would have submitted to far greater indignities in the hope of pleasing Mrs. Warwick.

Both Lansing and the lady had been mistaken in their estimate of Toya's sentiment toward the latter. There was nothing so small as jealousy in the child's nature, and as for dislike — the famous beauty had never attracted a more passionate admirer than this little child, whose eyes, like the speech of the civilized, seemed to have been given her for the purpose of concealing thought. If they haunted her, it was for the same reason that Lansing's haunted her — because they could not keep away.

Night and morning, and very often in between, she besought the various gods she patronized to make her even as O Lily San, tall, and slender in the middle, swaying like a willow in



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

the breeze, speaking with the voice of golden bells, drawing after her the hearts of all men as she passed. She compared her square brown paws with the lotus-flower hands of the other, and suffered. She prayed passionately that some miracle might turn her black, dense hair into fine waves of spun copper. The loveliness of Mrs. Warwick had developed the Anglo-Saxon and the artist latent in Toya, and her heart, like a vine that has been torn from its hold, clung with desperate tendrils to its new support.

But the lady was not of those who understand, and the child bored her. She did her duty by her, but she never looked at her if she could help it. And Toya, having recently discovered the mirror, humbly understood. To her father's child, ugliness was the unpardonable sin.

At the San Francisco hotel Toya continued to share the room of Agn  se, who was not cordial toward her unexpected duties of *bonne*. She shirked them whenever possible; so that one day, dressing in haste for dinner, Toya found herself confronted by the herculean task of buttoning herself up the back. She struggled and contorted desperately, yearning for the uncomplex kimono of the past. She went out in the

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

halls looking for help, but meeting nobody except a page in livery, who looked too haughty to be addressed by little girls. At last, very timidly, she crossed Mrs. Warwick's sitting-room and knocked at her bedroom door.

A man was speaking within. She recognized with surprise the voice of Mr. Warwick. That was very strange. Why should the husband of O Lily San be talking to her? Toya listened without scruple. The paper partitions of Japan make eavesdropping a matter of course.

The voice was rather thick.

"Not goin' away. Goin' stay right here. You ack's if you did n't belong to me. Jus' remember that I bought and paid for you, m' dear. Damned good price, too. Want my money's worth. 'F I tell you to dance, you got to dance. Hear me? Thash right. Kick! Tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum — kick higher! Aw, say! Tha' the best you can do? Coralie's worth a dozen of you, but I love you. Gimme a kiss. What — you won't?"

Toya grinned.

"He is *yota*," she thought cheerfully.

She found it quite natural, even desirable, that gentlemen should be intoxicated. It suggested

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

pleasant occasions, such as weddings, and festivals, and her father's funeral. Marriott and his friends had formed certain habits not unusual with aliens in the enervating atmosphere of the Orient. And O Lily San was dancing for her lord — that was as it should be. Only why was the voice of O Lily San so strained and frightened?

"Paul — Stop! Oh, let me go! Go away, please, please! Ah, you hurt. Paul! I—I shall ring for help."

"An' make shene? Oh, no, you won't. Ain' polite to make shene. Lansing would n't come, anyway. Too much gen'leman to int'fere between man and wife. Too much gen'leman to make good lover, eh? Col'-blooded. Too bad. Shush beautiful woman, too. Too damn beautiful. Sick of men followin' my wife about. Wan' her to myself. Ho! I'll fix 'em."

There was a gurgling outcry. Toya, hesitating, opened the door. Warwick had his wife by the beautiful, gleaming mass of her hair, forcing her head back until the eyes started from their sockets. He was stroking her throat with a pair of scissors.

"Lovely throat," he gloated. "Lovely hair."

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Don' know a woman with shush hair 'cep' you. I'll keep it for mysel'. Cut off hair, and then, perhaps, cut something else — ” The scissors snipped, and a shining curl writhed to the floor.

Toya hesitated no longer. With head thrust forward she charged him, goat fashion. Head and fists took him amidships, and he sank, gurgling. “*Hai!*” panted Toya. She seized the lady by the hand and dragged her down the hall to her own room, where she locked the door and stood on guard, brandishing the umbrella of Agnèse. Her small eyes glittered, and she hoped with all her heart that the enemy would pursue. She was ready for him.

But he did not come.

“Big fraidy-cat!” she remarked presently, and giggled.

Mrs. Warwick did not speak. She sat on the bed, and stared, and shuddered, until the bed shook with her. Her face wore such a look of terror and loathing that the child's pleased excitement died in pity.

“All right now. . . . I take care you,” she said, reassuringly patting the lotus-flower hand.

Mrs. Warwick continued to stare and shudder. Toya got the doll that had helped her through

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

so many dark hours, and put it into the other's arms. Presently Mrs. Warwick dropped her head on Toya's shoulder and wept.

The child felt very old and responsible. She submitted stolidly to being wept upon for a few moments, while she thought. Then she wriggled away, locked the door after her, and went in search of Lansing.

"O Lily San say 'Come!' She have much sorry," she said, as soon as she found him.

He flushed.

"'Has sorry' — you mean that she is ill? Are you sure she sent you for *me*?"

"Ho, yes!" Your Japanese does not hesitate to lie when it seems expedient, and Toya felt that she could no longer undertake the full responsibility of a runaway wife. She began the tale of the drunken husband, the dancing, the threatened hair. Long before she had finished, he was striding along the hall with such great steps that she had to run to keep up with him.

"My God — Lily!" he cried, bursting into the room. "Is it true, all that this child has been telling me?"

Lily Warwick sat up, startled, unconsciously drawing the folds of her negligée closer, and

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

trying with a sodden handkerchief to repair the ravages in her beauty.

"You must not come here, Harry! Send me Agnèse."

"I believe you'll be considering the conventionalities on your deathbed!" he cried impatiently. "Has that brute dared — you don't mean to say he actually hurt you?"

She showed him the mutilated hair, her lips quivering childishly.

"It is n't the first time."

"My God!" said Lansing. He strode up and down with clenched fists, muttering under his breath. "What shall I do? The beast! The unutterable cad! Her husband — hers! What *can* I do?"

"Let us hide her!" suggested Toya, much intrigued. "Let us remove her quickly away!"

"The child is right. You must be 'removed quickly away.'" He went over and knelt beside her, taking her hands in his. "My dear, you can't expect me to stand this sort of thing, you know. Of course, I've been aware for years that you were miserable with the fellow, but this — why, Lily, you are n't safe! If we were n't all of us so damned civilized, I'd shoot

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

the brute. Lord, what a pleasure it would be, what a pleasure! But of course that is n't the answer nowadays. There'd be a scandal. Lily, I want you to leave him at once."

"I can't. He won't let me. He — loves me. Besides, I've no one to go to."

His face was stern and shining with the look the young knights-errant may have worn when they rode forth to right the wrongs of all oppressed women.

"You have me. Ah, my dear, don't you understand? You are to leave Warwick and come to me. I can take care of my own."

She drew back.

"Harry! Have you forgotten that I am a Catholic?"

His hands tightened on hers.

"No. I know your religious scruples, and I love you for them. But nobody, neither priests nor nuns nor God Himself, could expect you to waste your life with a beast like Warwick. It is n't just because I love you that I urge you to take this step." He was trembling with the iron control he put upon himself. "I am advising you as I believe your father, your brothers, would advise you if they were alive. I

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

want to take their place to you. I want to guard and protect you the rest of your life, God willing!"

She searched his face with wistful wet eyes. If only such a lover had come to her in her youth! How strong he was, how stern, and sweet, and young! Something stirred in her heart that she had not known was there. He saw that the barriers between them were down. With a sigh of triumph he drew her to him. They would have kissed; but at that moment Lily Warwick caught the eyes of Toya fixed upon her, pleased and interested.

"Harry — the child!" she whispered.

His face fell.

"Bother the child! She knows I love you, anyway — all the world knows it."

But she shook her head.

"I can't! Don't ask me to come to you. Harry, don't you see it would be like that, always? Somebody looking at us, people whispering and smiling —"

"Public opinion," he said scornfully.

"Yes. Public opinion. I'm not strong enough. I value my position too much. Besides" — she looked at him suddenly — "you've



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

always told me you were poor, Harry. Could you afford to marry a woman like me?"

The look of the knight-errant was gone from his face.

"I had forgotten that," he said rather dryly. "I suppose I should have to work, but I dare say I could support a wife. Lots of fellows seem to."

She sighed.

"Now you're thinking hard things of me," she said, with a rather pathetic smile. "You're thinking I love money, and all that. Well, I do. I do! So would you, if you'd ever been really poor as I was, if you'd ever had to make your own dresses, and trim your own hats, and be grateful for the cast-off finery of rich friends. No position, no influence!" She shivered. "Do you suppose I would have married a man like Warwick if I could have got what I wanted in any other way? And now you ask me to give it all up. I can't, I can't!"

Her unwonted frankness touched him. If the exaltation was gone from his face, there was plenty of tenderness left.

"Poor little girl! Well, if you're willing to pay such a price for your gowns, and your hats,

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

and your 'position,' I suppose there's nothing for me to do but stand by to guard. When it gets too much for you, just remember I am on hand."

She looked up at him quickly. He had risen, and stood gazing down at her, a wealth of charity, and kindness, and understanding in his eyes. She drew a sharp breath.

"You mean that you are going to wait?"

"Yes," he said. "Always."

"But suppose there is somebody else — some young girl you'll be wanting to marry some day!"

He lifted the lace of her sleeve to his lips.

"Not so long as you need me."

She said brokenly:

"Oh, Harry! I do need you! He is so much better when you are about, so much more careful. But — Ah, why could n't you have come before?" She gave him a long look from the door, and was gone.

Lansing stood for some moments in a deep study, frowning. Presently he was aware of Toya's solemn gaze fixed upon him. He wondered how much the queer little thing had understood.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

“ Oh, well ! ” he said, aloud, shaking himself.  
“ The rôle of dangler, *tertium quid* to the Warwick establishment, is n't exactly what I should have chosen for my life's ambition. But we've got to take care of her, somehow — have n't we, Miss Marriott ? ”

To which Toya nodded a responsible assent.

## CHAPTER VI

**I**T was a flushed and rather breathless lady who joined Lansing a week later in his waiting cab in front of Simon Marriott's New York house.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "I have never been so rudely treated in my life. What a horrible old man! No more reuniting of families for me. Take me to a cup of tea quickly."

"What happened? At least," said Lansing ruefully, "he seems to have accepted Toya."

He was not as relieved as he had expected to be. Somehow the child had got a hold on him. He missed her already.

Mrs. Warwick gave him a detailed account of her adventure.

After a brief wait in a shrouded, ghostly drawing-room, she had been shown upstairs to the magnate's study, leaving Toya just outside in the hall.

The old man stared at her from under beetling brows, as if she had been a book agent.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

With the aid of a cane, and after much wincing, he got to his feet.

"Damn this gout! Well, Madam? I suppose you have come for a subscription. You should have applied to my secretary. A man is entitled to privacy in his own home. Well, well! How much do you want, and for what purpose?"

Summoning all her dignity, she explained that she had merely come to deliver a grandchild. Simon Marriott's hard gaze did not waver while she gave her rather flustered details. She was unaccustomed to that sort of expression in eyes that looked at her, especially masculine eyes.

"And how," he said when she had finished, "am I to know that this child is my granddaughter?"

She replied icily, "I fear you will have to take my word for that, sir."

"Ah! You are able to give your word? You were with the person my son married, perhaps, when the child was born?"

Mrs. Warwick rose.

"I dare say Mr. Lansing will be better able to satisfy any inquiries you care to make than I am."

"Hum! Lansing. I recall him. A drunken,

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

idle young reprobate, one of my unfortunate son's boon companions. So he is responsible for this second unwarrantable interference in my private affairs? I do not wonder," said the old man grimly, "that he prefers to shelter himself this time behind a woman's skirts."

Mrs. Warwick could not trust herself to speak. She moved toward the door.

"One moment, young woman. If I care to acknowledge this child as a member of my family, what guarantee have I got that a dozen others will not be produced to claim a share of my money? I am told that these Japanese breed like rabbits."

"Come, Toya," said Mrs. Warwick grandly, sweeping from the room.

Then for the first time Simon Marriott saw the child. He laid a sudden hand on her shoulder and turned her to face the light. Her eyes met his without flinching, and with something of the same curiosity. Each was searching the face of the other for a resemblance. The man found what he was looking for. The child did not, and her hopes sank.

For a moment his lips moved without speaking. Then he said gruffly, "You may leave her

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

here. Good afternoon, Madam," and closed the door upon Mrs. Warwick's retreating draperies.

Lansing listened to the indignant recital without comment. When they reached a tea-room, he excused himself and went to the telephone. Calling up the magnate's residence, he asked to speak to Miss Toya Marriott.

Presently the servant said: "She's here, sir, but she don't seem to rightly understand about the telephone."

"Give her the receiver. Toya," he said very distinctly, "this is Arri San speaking. Do you hear me?"

An awed whisper came over the wire: "Hon-  
orably yes. Are you then dead?"

He burst out laughing. He had forgotten that she was unaccustomed to disembodied voices.

"Far from it! I'm very much alive, kiddie. But you — are you all right?"

The laughter reassured her. She knew that spirits did not laugh.

"They very ni-ize dog here," she replied noncommittally.

"That's good. That helps, does n't it? Well, if anything goes wrong, if the august ancestor is unkind or anything, just remember that I'm

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

standing by to guard. You don't have to stay there a day longer than you want to. I'm coming to see you in the morning, but if anything unpleasant happens meanwhile, just let me know. You're not afraid, are you?"

"Not afraid," repeated Toya stoutly.

"That's right. Be a good little sport. Good-by, kiddie."

"Good-by, Arri San." The voice sounded very wistful, and he knew that Toya was smiling her broadest.

Left alone with his grandchild, Simon Marriott stared at her for a few moments, at last remarking:

"You're not timid, and you don't look like a fool. Your father was a damned fool."

"I listen with respectful assent," murmured Toya. Fool was a new word to her.

"Guess that mother of yours had the brains of the family. Pretty shrewd woman, hey? Knew which side her bread was buttered."

This praise of her parent was sweet in Toya's ear. The Japanese desire to efface herself struggled with the American desire to brag a little.



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"My unworthy mother," she murmured, beaming, "danze more ni-ize as any geisha lady in Japan."

Simon Marriott grunted in his throat. He rang the bell, and a housekeeper promptly appeared, oozing curiosity.

"This," he said, "is my grandchild, Mrs. Jones. Take her away."

The housekeeper, having failed to glean any details of the Marriott scandal from Toya, provided the disappointing child with "Dante's Inferno," illustrated by Doré, and bade her amuse herself until dinner. She obediently amused herself. To this day the dire experiences of Dante haunt her dreams. She was never again able to look upon trees with the old happy indifference. Their branches, especially at dusk, were so many writhing legs and arms, and she peered among them fearfully for the agonized faces of her ancestors. All Japanese know that their ancestors are prone to inhabit the trees in the neighborhood of their descendants, and it had pleased Toya to feel that they were near her. She had never suspected before that the dead were unhappy.

Out of doors the rain began to drip drearily,

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

endlessly. Toya, a philosopher at eight years, decided that the "Inferno" was not a cheering amusement for a person who has just been reft of all that she holds most dear. She consulted the doll Arri-Lily, so named because of a slight confusion as to its sex. Arri-Lily felt that it might be pleasant to play pilgrim on the stairway. Up and down they trudged, the doll strapped to its mother's back with a hair ribbon, doing a holy pilgrimage to Mount Fujiyama. Gradually the sweep of polished stair rail suggested a new idea. Stairways, still a novelty to Toya, seemed to have unlimited possibilities.

"'Ow you lige slide?" she asked the doll politely.

Straddling the rail, she pushed off recklessly with one foot.

"*Yow!*" she yelled in shrill crescendo. "*Hai-yi!*" She was undoubtedly one of the world's great discoverers. Hereafter nobody would bother to descend the stairs stupidly, one at a time. Stairs would be abolished. There would be nothing but polished hand rails. "*Hai-yi!*"

By the time she reached the newel post, the entire household was converging upon her, whis

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

pering "*Hush!*" But they were too late. A door above opened, and a dread voice cried:

"What the devil is this infernal racket? Am I to have no peace in my own house? Take that child away and keep her quiet!"

Toya was led hastily into regions belowstairs, and it was there that she found the dog, a contraband article belonging to a warm-hearted cook.

"I rejoice to see you, little *Inu*,"<sup>1</sup> she said; and thereafter the hours did not lag so drearily.

Somewhere along toward the middle of the night a gentleman descended to the kitchen and told her that dinner was served. The dog accompanied her to the pantry door, where he waited, and whined, and thumped his tail, to the great anxiety of the butler. But the friendly sound sustained her through a long and trying ordeal.

She kept her eyes downcast and gave full attention to her table manners, as became a well-brought-up young lady. Nevertheless, she was aware of beetling brows across that shining expanse of damask, and was less successful than usual with the American chopsticks. Twice she committed the solecism of spotting. It seemed

<sup>1</sup> Dog.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

to her that all the world could hear her chewing and swallowing. No wonder the august ancestor glared! She could not know that he was racking his brain desperately for suitable remarks to make to grandchildren.

At last he grunted:

“What’s the matter with you, anyway? Can’t you talk? You can yell fast enough! Have n’t you got a tongue?”

Toya was too startled to find her voice at once, but to reassure him she protruded her tongue to its fullest extent. This irreverence startled the butler into dropping a plate. The ancestor’s mustaches moved up and down like a rabbit’s when it eats lettuce. Toya decided that he was laughing.

Then he said: “Coffee in the drawing-room, Hodgins,” and stood aside for his granddaughter to precede him.

She remembered that her father had also done this strange thing, always to the embarrassment of Madame Thousand Joys. The silence accompanied them. They sat in the shrouded chairs and eyed each other furtively. Toya recalled Lansing’s parting instructions to make herself agreeable, but her heart failed her. It was some

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

time before she summoned up courage to murmur: "You lige me danze for you?"

"Good God, no!" Simon Marriott had been thinking of the dancing-woman who made this great house of his so empty.

"You lige me make *gaku*?"<sup>1</sup>

"Speak English, can't you?" he said testily.

"Zing-zong." Toya pointed illuminatingly at the piano, whose uses she had learned on ship-board. A sudden vision came to Simon Marriott of a little boy sitting on the piano stool, his feet dangling well above the pedals, blissfully pounding and warbling.

"Want to strum, eh? All right. Go ahead."

Toya cautiously mounted the precarious, whirling stool, struck middle C firmly and repeatedly with her index finger, and burst into song.

Japanese music does not end until the audience can bear no more, and Toya might have continued indefinitely, for her grandfather was too far gone in memories to hear. But the *Inu*, having discovered a kindred spirit in that house of gloom, had long been awaiting his opportunity to rejoin her. He suddenly arrived in the drawing-room, upsetting a whatnot in his joy.

<sup>1</sup> Music.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Mr. Marriott had no taste for dogs at their best, and this one had the misfortune to carrom against his gouty foot. He rang for Hodgins and pointed, speechless, at the invader.

"Hit shall be removed, sir, himmejutly!" gasped Hodgins, horrified.

But the puppy had no idea of being removed. A chase began, in which everybody took part. The air was full of clutching hands, and oaths, and crashing bric-à-brac. Toya giggled with excitement. She was accustomed to the grandfathers of her native land, who do not find it beneath their dignity to romp with the children; but that her own august ancestor should show himself thus human — it was pleasing, indeed. She did not understand, until the cane came down with a cruel whack upon the scampering puppy. It shrieked, and fled to Toya. She gathered it up, staring at her grandfather in shocked amaze. Did he not know that this might be one of his own ancestors he was whacking?

His face was distorted with anger.

"Put that damned beast down," he said between his teeth. "I'll teach it to keep out of my house! I'll teach it!"

Toya did not put the dog down. She feared

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

for its life. She faced the man, the laughter in her face replaced by something very different, her fighting grin.

"Do you hear me?" He lifted his cane. "By God, are you disobeying me? You put that dog down, or I will —"

He paused. There was a strange look in the child's eyes, of scorn, grim defiance, purpose; a look uncannily familiar to him. He had seen it often in his own mirror. With something of an effort, he brought the cane down on her shoulder.

The blow was a very light one, but it was the first Toya had ever received.

"There!" His anger was suddenly gone. "That will teach you that I am not a person to be disobeyed, my girl. Give the dog to Hodgins."

"You hit the *Inu* some more?"

"No. Now you may go to the housekeeper."

Toya trotted out into the hall. Nobody was in sight except the doll Arri-Lily, asleep upon the bottom step. Toya seized her child passionately to her breast, tugged open the great front door, and went forth into the world to find Lansing.

## CHAPTER VII

THE rain had stopped, and a soft wind from the sea touched her flushed cheek. “*Irashai!* I give you greeting,” whispered the child, knowing well whom it brought. It was good to be out of the Ogre’s Castle, so good that she capered about solemnly, like a colt in a pasture. Some belated passers turned to stare after her, wondering why a well-dressed, hatless little girl was playing about the streets at such an hour. But in New York people have not time to be their brothers’ keepers. Once, indeed, a man in brass buttons asked her whether she knew where she was going.

“Honorably yes,” she replied, with such confidence that he let her pass. She was going to find Arri San, of course; but not until she had seen something more of the world.

The wet asphalt street stretched black before her, with lights reflected in it as in a canal. She pretended that the passing vehicles were boats, until one came that was propelled by neither man nor beast, nor yet by the fire-snorting



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

demon whom men have trained to pull their cars. Automobiles were not as common in the streets as they are to-day. The apparition let out a shriek so appalling that Toya's first impulse was to throw herself upon her face and pray aloud. But curiosity conquered awe. She sprinted along beside it as fast as her legs could carry her, gazing, and calling upon the name of *Kishi Bojin*, Protectress of Children. The chauffeur noticed her and stopped.

"Say, you're some runner, kid. Goin' my way?"

"Honorably yes!" gasped Toya. Trembling in every limb, she climbed into the apparition, whispering: "Oh, *Kishi Bojin*!" The wind stayed with her. It roared loudly in her ears, and the lights streamed by her in two long streaks. Suddenly they stopped. Many people were walking about, and the lamps shone everywhere, myriads of them. It was doubtless a festival.

"Guess this is far enough," said the chauffeur. "Pretty late for a kid like you to be out. Sure you know the way home? An up-town car will be along in a minute. Got any car-fare?"

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Toya opened a moist fist and exhibited her parting gift from Lansing, a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Why, you're rich! So long!" And the apparition was gone.

"How do you do?" Another man touched her on the shoulder. How friendly people were in the world, to be sure! "Let's have a look at that gold piece. I'm afraid it is not genuine."

Toya complied anxiously. He bit it and dropped it into his pocket.

"Ah! I see it is genuine, after all. Thanks!" he said.

"You welcome," murmured Toya, somewhat surprised; but the gentleman had already disappeared.

The Broadway crowds surged to and fro, and Toya drifted with them. It was all very noisy and bright, but people did not seem to laugh as much as they laugh at the festivals in Kamioko. Toya saw that it was going to be difficult to find Arri San among so many. Several times she ran after persons whose clothes resembled his, only to find that their faces were strange. Her enthusiasm for the world began to wane. Also, Arri-Lily was sleepy.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

She tugged at the dress of a young lady who smelled pleasantly of perfume, and who seemed to be loitering along in less oblivious haste than the others. The lady turned a very pink, startled face down to her and murmured: "What's eatin' you, kid?"

Toya whirled about in alarm; but nothing seemed to be eating her. "You know where is Arri San?" she asked.

"Harrison? Don't know him."

"I thing," said Toya timidly, "I lige come along with you."

"The hell you would!" The other looked at her more closely. "Say, are you lost? Why ain't you to home with your ma this time of night?"

The wind still blew freshly in from the sea.

"My mother here with me," explained Toya.

The lady glanced around furtively.

"Better not let her see you talkin' to me, kid, or you 'll catch it!"

She moved on.

"Arri-Lily very tired," mentioned Toya wistfully.

"Me, too," said the lady, with a rather tragic smile over her shoulder.

The lights swam in Toya's eyes, so that she

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stumbled as she walked. A dark alley offered refuge. Halfway up it there was a doorway with a dim lamp burning above. Arri-Lily was really very sleepy. Toya sat down for a moment. . . .

Toward dawn Mademoiselle Coralie, of the Gaiety, descending inconspicuously from the restaurant upstairs, stumbled over something on the doorstep and sprawled her length in the alley.

"Am I seein' things, or was that a genu-wine child, Polly?" she murmured cheerfully. "My Gawd, what a face on it! Ain't she plain?"

Her companion was poking Toya with his boot.

"Get up out of that! Public nuishance, chil'ren sleepin' about all over the plache. Don' come here to see chil'ren. I'll complain to manager —"

Toya recognized the voice, and grinned drowsily up at him. "How is honorable stomach to-day?" she asked, with a vague memory of their recent engagement.

Warwick stared in amazement.

"Damned if it ain't that li'l fightin' Jap devil of Lansing's!"

Toya's evening in the world was by no means finished. Coralie, much to her companion's dis-

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taste, insisted upon returning the child to her guardian in person. The situation appealed to her fitful fancy as romantic. She appeared at Lansing's door just as dawn was entering into a sickly rivalry with the lights of Broadway; and there she was made welcome — so welcome, in fact, that Warwick, awaiting her in the cab below, settled himself for an early-morning nap.

Lansing happened to be entertaining bachelor friends in honor of his return. Coralie arrived at the psychological moment, and her entrance was felicitous. She was famous for her entrances. Lansing himself opened the door in response to her ring, a bottle of champagne in his hand. This, with a truly Gallic swirl of draperies, Coralie kicked into space. The company arose with a shout and greeted her.

"All *yota*,"<sup>1</sup> said Toya, with a sigh of vast content.

Nobody asked any questions. Lansing, indeed, with his unfailing courtesy under all circumstances, urged her to make herself perfectly at home, and pressed champagne upon her. But Toya sneezed on the first sip, and drank no more. Presently, aware that she ought to do

<sup>1</sup> Intoxicated.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

her share toward the festivities, she offered to dance for them. The suggestion was received with acclaim. Lansing pinned his bath kimono up to the required shortness, and lifted her on to the table.

There, among the bottles and the glasses, she danced as her mother had taught her to please her father's friends; the fat little body swaying and bending lightly, the fan fluttering about her like a butterfly, the baby eyes flashing their affected geisha glances at each of the gentlemen in turn. They kept her at it, roaring with laughter, until the fan refused to flutter from sheer weariness. Coralie, emulating her example, sprang upon the table beside her and kicked the chandelier; and the evening closed at last in a shower of flying glass.

The next day at noon, Lansing's man, entering to announce his bath, backed away from the bed in chaste dismay. His master was not there.

"Wot next?" he murmured. "We 'as 'ad our 'ungry newsboys, and our stray curs, and our 'eathen idols that makes a chap blush to look at 'em; but w'en 'Arry takes to bringin' 'ome female Chinees hinfants — Hi gives notice!"

## CHAPTER VIII

"HELLO, Miss Marriott! When did you get in? I'll have to give you a latch-key," Lansing greeted her at the breakfast table. "I have some vague recollection of your arrival, but the details escape me. . . . No thanks, Grimes. Ugh — take that bacon away! I'm not breakfasting this morning."

Toya looked sympathetic. "You got sorry in head?"

"Very sorry," he admitted, and had the grace to blush. "But tell me how you escaped from the ancestor, and why?"

Toya told him graphically. While she was in the midst of the dog chase, a visitor was announced.

"Been here three times already, sir," murmured Grimes, *sotto voce*. "Awsks questions. Hi fawncy hit's a detective, sir."

"Sure it is n't a collector?" demanded his master suspiciously. "Tell him to wait. Hold on — better give him a cigar. Always well to be on the safe side."

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He bade Toya continue with her adventures in the world. When she finished he was frowning thoughtfully.

"Humph! I seem to be figuring largely these days as the squire of dames; but caning babies — that's really a little raw. Want to go back to the ancestor, Toya?"

She shook a vigorous head.

"Very well. You shan't. Grimes, bring on the minions of the law."

The visitor had been employed by Mr. Simon Marriott, he explained obsequiously, to trace a lost, strayed, or stolen granddaughter. Hearing that a child had been brought to Mr. Lansing's apartment last night, or, perhaps, he might say this morning, he had ventured, *et cetera, et cetera*.

"Quite so," said Lansing. "This is the young person you're looking for, Sherlock."

The detective mentioned that his name was not Sherlock, but Jones. He was highly gratified. He had been led to suppose that Mr. Lansing would know something of the child's whereabouts. And now, if she were ready to accompany him — or perhaps Mr. Lansing would prefer to return her in person. He added deprecatingly that the reward offered, while generous,



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would hardly interest a person of Mr. Lansing's status.

"Would n't it, just!" said that gentleman. "But unfortunately the missing article has decided not to be returned."

The detective stared. Surely Mr. Lansing was joking? What use had he for a little girl? And what was to be said to Mr. Simon Marriott?

"You may tell him," suggested Lansing, "to go to hell — or perhaps I'd better tell him that myself, as you are doubtless the father of a large family."

Without waiting for time to cool his just indignation, an indignation born partly of the fumes of last night's vintage, Lansing repaired to the house of Marriott and told its owner what he thought of him. The interview was brief and stormy. After a preliminary sparring match, he remarked:

"I have been led to understand that you struck the child with a cane?"

"I have been led to understand," responded the other pointedly, "that the child is a member of *my* family."

"The mother left her in my care."

"Then where, may I ask, do I come in?"

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"You don't," replied Lansing.

There was a short pause. The old man's voice changed. "Understand," he said harshly, "I am willing to take your word for it that she is my son's child, and to provide for her future suitably. I am also willing to make out a check for whatever sum you name, to cover your expenses in bringing the child to America. If, however, you prefer to keep her in your care, I wash my hands of her. This is final. She need never at any future time expect any assistance from me whatever."

Lansing raised his eyebrows.

"She will not need it, I think."

"Indeed? I am pleased to hear that my son was not as impractical in financial matters as I had supposed. Or perhaps the mother's profession proved profitable?"

Lansing rose.

"Mr. Marriott, I consented to bring Toya to you, not so much for her sake as for your own. You are an old man, singularly alone in the world, and — if I may be quite frank — singularly unloved. Toya in her short life has absorbed so much happiness, and sunshine, and affection, that I thought perhaps she might succeed in making

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you human. These psychological experiments interest me. But I see that I was expecting the impossible. Good day."

For a square or two Lansing was immensely pleased with himself. He walked cockily, whistling, and beheading the dandelions of fancy with his cane. Then he began to realize just what he had accomplished. The whistle died away.

Of course, for the moment Toya would be happier with him than with that old brute; but would she be always content to have exchanged a fortune for the doubtful benefit of his protection. Was this the end for which Madame Thousand Joys had sacrificed her life?

He did some rapid mental arithmetic in connection with his income, also. The result made him grave. Oh, well! Surely one little girl could not be very expensive to bring up. He knew of fellows, not millionaires, either, who had brought up whole families of them. At the worst, he could work.

Another aspect of the case struck him, which, it may be said to his credit, he at once dismissed. Old man Marriott was now without doubt his enemy, and he had the reputation of being dangerous in that capacity.

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"I must be careful not to meet him alone anywhere on a dark night," Lansing counseled himself cheerfully.

Toya was watching for him, her nose pressed in anticipation against the window — a startling apparition in that exclusively bachelor apartment house. He realized that moving was one of his nearest and simplest difficulties.

"Oh, I've cooked your goose all right," he greeted her gloomily. "You ought not to be receiving me with these manifestations of joy, my friend. You ought to be kicking and punching me right heartily."

"Aw right!" agreed Toya unexpectedly, and proceeded to kick and punch as ordered. After a tussle that left them both disheveled and panting, she giggled: "W'at we do now?"

"That's just it," groaned Lansing. "*What* are we going to do now?"

It was Mrs. Warwick who rescued them from their dilemma. Impatient as she was with the ridiculous folly of her friend, she could not desert him in his hour of need. She laughed to scorn his vague idea of taking a cottage in the country and supplying Toya with a nurse and a governess.

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"You don't want the child hanging around your neck like a millstone. Besides," she added shrewdly, "are you quite the proper companion for an eight-year-old? They're very observant, you know."

Lansing, with guilty memories of last night's entertainment, admitted that he was not.

"You must put her in a boarding school, of course," said Mrs. Warwick. "My old convent at Washington's the very place. It is n't expensive, and the nicest girls in the country go there. The nuns will make another child of Toya in no time — you'll see!"

Lansing demurred. To his mind, convents and prisons were synonymous. Nor was he sure that he cared to have another child made of Toya. He liked her very well as she was.

"What do you think, Miss Marriott? Would you like to be made into another girl, a genuine American product?"

"They mage O Lily San?" Toya demanded.

The lady nodded, smiling complacently. "Yes, they made me."

Toya's eyes shone. The spun-copper hair, the willow figure so narrow in the middle, the voice

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of bells — perhaps these were not such impossible ambitions, after all.

“I like very much,” she declared.

Lansing's face fell. He had expected clinging grief, and protestations against parting.

“The fickleness of the sex!” he sighed.

Some days later the two found themselves, both rather frightened, seated upon a slippery haircloth sofa in a parlor divided by a grating. The room was very still, and smelled faintly of incense.

Suddenly a lady appeared on the other side of the grille, dressed in flowing black, and murmured: “This is the little Toya?”

Lansing admitted that it was. No further remark occurring to him, he nudged the child desperately. Toya, gazing into the benign, motherly face of the nun, had forgotten her manners. Now she gave the greeting that came naturally to her mind:

“I hope that all your honorable sons are strong?”

Lansing gasped.

The lady replied gently:

“Nuns do not marry, my dear. I have no sons.”

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Toya made polite sounds of sympathy, and assured her that she also was unwed and childless.

"I think," said the lady, smiling, "that Toya and I will come to a better understanding when we are left by ourselves, Mr. Lansing."

The friends shook hands in manly fashion.

"Remember, if anything goes wrong, I'm standing by to guard," he murmured *sotto voce*.

"You are n't afraid, are you?"

"Not afraid," she whispered.

"That's right. Be a sport. Good-by, kiddie."

"Good-by, Arri San."

Suddenly, as he reached the door, a wave of passionate gratitude, and love, and longing surged over the dumb little soul. He was leaving her, and he did not know. If she could only tell him, make him understand somehow! If there were only something to give him! The doll, Arri-Lily! She rushed to him, speechless, and thrust her treasure into his hands.

"Why — why, thank you!" he murmured, much embarrassed.

The door closed after him. Toya felt that it was closing upon her childhood.

## *PART II*



## CHAPTER IX

**T**HROUGH the wide, bare halls of the convent fluttered beves of young girls, proudly conscious of their white dresses and their ribbons. Nuns glided among them from time to time, exhorting and directing, their cheeks pink with worldly excitement. Proud families were much in evidence. Indeed, only one of the bemuslined graduates seemed to be unattended by admiring relatives, and that was Toya. It was the convent's great day, when its annual batch of perfectly finished young ladies was to be turned out to swell the ranks of the world's wives and mothers. Not that the convent expressed itself even to itself in any such indelicate fashion. True, a large proportion of recently finished and turned-out young ladies had reappeared for the great day with interesting impediments clinging to their skirts and crowing from their arms; but these the convent was able to ignore as the inevitable effects of time. It continued to regard its graduates as so many sexless exponents of the higher culture.

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Toya looked on at the greetings and reunions with wistful aloofness. She was accustomed to the rôle of looker-on. It may as well be confessed that at seventeen the girl had achieved none of her youthful ambitions. Her hair was still uncompromisingly straight and black; her figure, possibly because it had never been assisted by art, declined to slope in at the waistline; her eyes, although they did not slant, could never have been mistaken for American eyes. Altogether, she did not in the least resemble her model, Lily Warwick. She never looked at herself in a mirror without acute disappointment.

Nevertheless, the most exacting of critics could not have pronounced her plain. There was something about her which could not be ignored — the radiance of her smile, perhaps, the grace of her every movement, a certain soft pliancy that came of perfect muscular control; some nameless quality of expression rarely seen in the faces of young girls. It is difficult to connect wisdom with the bloom and innocence of seventeen years; yet wisdom was there, the tolerant and gentle patience that often makes an old face beautiful. She had found time for thought. Among her chattering, fluttering companions, Toya, for other

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reasons than the oddness of her eyes and history, was distinctly Toya the Unlike.

Whenever a nun passed her, wandering a little forlornly through the halls and gardens, the good lady heaved an unconscious sigh of relief. The convent had somewhat the same feeling at parting with Toya that it might have had at parting with a dynamite bomb. Not that the girl's attitude toward life was intentionally bomblike. A more mild-mannered, unassertive, acquiescent young woman had never been turned out by an institution that makes a specialty of these lady-like qualities. There was no fear of Toya ever demanding the ballot, or a divorce, or any modern horror of that sort. But she had an unfortunate propensity, to use the conventual phrase, for "giving scandal."

She had commenced to give scandal the morning after her arrival. Dissatisfied with the basin for her ablutions, she had glanced out of the window to discover a fountain playing in the nuns' own forbidden garden. To the Japanese there is particular virtue in falling water, and even in enlightened Tokyo the devout may often be seen frankly cleansing themselves in the "from-Heaven-descending streams" of the pub-

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

lic parks. Why confine oneself to a basin with a fountain at hand? Toya, bearing her soap and towel, trotted forth into the dew and sunshine of the forbidden garden; and there she was discovered by the school on its way to chapel, joyous in her fat brown nakedness, splashing and grooming herself with the immodest abandon of the birds about her. To this day, mention of that painful spectacle is forbidden at the convent.

In a short time the nuns discovered that their younger charges had lost interest in tag, and blindman's buff, and the other games prescribed of tradition. They had taken unaccountably to comparing biceps, and even leg muscles. One horrified nun, coming into the playground unexpectedly, discovered a writhing, squirming mass of daughters of the first families, with Toya at the bottom of it, all punching and clawing each other like wild-cats.

"My dears!" she gasped. "Have you gone mad? What is the meaning of this incredible exhibition?"

Somebody explained.

"Toya Marriott called us softies — said she could lick five of us at once. And she could n't! We 're lickin' her!"

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Toya was haled before a committee of nuns.

"Do you not know that it is impolite to quarrel?" she was asked.

"We not quarreling. We only fighting," she explained.

"Fighting is worse than impolite. It is sinful!" she was told.

"Honorably no," she submitted with perfect courtesy. "My grandfathers all fighting gentlemen. Your father also a fighting gentelman, august sister."

It was true that the nun who had spoken was the daughter of a famous general.

The directress suppressed a smile.

"At least," she murmured, "you will admit that fighting is unwomanly? You have never seen a lady fighting?"

The child turned surprised eyes on her.

"*Samurai* ladies often fighting with their children, ho, yes! Fighting makes strong. My mother teach me *jiu jitsu* for that I shall have *Samurai* sons."

The matter was dropped. Later the directress, a woman of great wisdom, turned Toya's superfluous energies toward basket ball, and soon the fame of the convent teams spread abroad. Some-

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

what to its dismay, the conservative old institution found itself bringing out a race of female athletes.

But all other scandal was as nothing compared with Toya's attitude toward religion. The nuns early gave up the struggle to make a Catholic of her. They were not logicians; they were religiouses. As she grew older, they doubted in their secret souls whether she were even a Christian. Many a novena was offered up for the heathen in their midst. It became quite the fashion among nuns and girls to pray in public for Toya, and she entered into every campaign on her behalf with the most grateful enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, she was quite as likely to address her petitions for guidance to *Kwannon*, the Goddess of Mercy, as to Mary, the Mother of Christ. She knew no favorites. There seemed to her very little difference between the gods of Japan and the saints of America. Indeed, their various abilities nicely supplemented each other. The Catholics, for instance, had a friendly St. Anthony who found things for one if they were lost; on the other hand, they had no kind *Kishi Bojin* to keep an eye on little folk. St. Joseph, properly approached, will provide one with a husband; but who, if it were not for the god *Joro-*

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*kujin*, would keep in mind the affairs and the transient souls of our little brothers the animals? Toya had the greatest reverence and trust for the August Ones of all nations; and she fancied that they often sat together in high heaven, and laughed at the disputes of earth. For what are a few trifling differences of opinion among friends?

It may be seen why the convent looked upon the completion of Toya's education with thanksgiving.

## CHAPTER X

**A**S the hour of the commencement exercises approached, Toya began to haunt the front door, her eyes fixed upon it with a painful intensity. It was time for Lansing to arrive. She wondered whether Mrs. Warwick could have made other plans for him — something which had occurred rather often to interfere with his visits. But this was such an important occasion that she had little fear of his failing her. Her chief fear was that he would forget to bring flowers. Her pride would not allow her to suggest the desirability of flowers, although the thought of graduating without them was almost more than she could bear. How the other girls would pity her! She had this fear before a saint or two, and firmly dismissed it from her mind.

She began to wonder what happened when one ceased to be a schoolgirl. It was almost the first thought she had given to the matter. It had seemed to her that the life of the last eight years must go on forever — the busy days of play and study; the lonely nights when she fell asleep with



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a whisper to her mother to dream of far places, and of the world, and of her only friend; the long summers alone in the convent with nobody for company except the kindly, abstracted nuns, and the varied procession of stray cats and dogs which passed through her affections and kept them warm. Books meant little to Toya; but she accepted everything that came to her with deep-rooted philosophy, absorbing what she needed from surrounding conditions as a growing plant absorbs what it needs from the air and the earth. She had the educable mind, and her education went on even in her play, assisted by investigations in the kitchens, the infirmary, the sewing rooms. Toya was constantly and quite consciously preparing herself for matrimony.

She made no intimates. Her companions were willing to accept her as a leader, but not as an equal. As Mrs. Warwick had thought years before, what can one do with a child who will not be kissed and petted? She was incurably an alien; and her impassive eyes rarely betrayed the loneliness of her heart. She told herself that nobody needs more than one friend; and lavished upon Lansing a passionate and growing adoration of which he was quite unaware.

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For Mrs. Warwick also she kept her early enthusiasm. The beauty occasionally came back to the convent to bask a while in its naïve admiration; also to see how Lansing's protégée was progressing in her education. These visits were great events for the little girl. She followed her patroness about with the proud bashfulness of a newly adopted dog; and for days afterward she besieged the saints with petitions which must have surprised them. Her usual plea was that Mr. Warwick should die instantly. She varied it with suggestions that O Lily San should run away from her husband and become the wife of Arri San, thereby making him happy. Toya's attitude toward human relations was almost god-like in its broad tolerance.

Lansing had fallen into the habit of confiding in the girl largely, and somewhat strangely. She was made aware of his hopes and his failures, of his financial difficulties, of his occasional tilts with the Great Destroyer, Drink — engagements in which he was usually worsted, by the way — above all, of his love for "the most beautiful lady in the world." Stevenson says: "If we have but one to whom we can speak out of our heart!" Lansing found that one in Toya. He came to the

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convent rarely, but as a correspondent he surprised himself. Several times he braved the railery of his friends and took his charge to Atlantic City for a few days of amazingly pleasant companionship; and there had been one hilarious Christmas holiday at his apartment in New York, an experiment that was not repeated out of consideration for Grimes, who gave shocked notice every day of her visit. The old servant realized what Lansing had failed to perceive, that Toya was rapidly becoming a woman — “a young lady long past the age of marrying,” soberly thought this daughter of a race which produces grandmothers at thirty.

It began to seem that she was about to graduate without the assistance of her friend. Every clang of the doorbell sent her hopes high, only to prove them vain. She longed to show the public that she, too, had a family. Lansing's previous visits had been occasions of triumph, connected with limitless ice cream and candy. The older girls had fallen in love with his blond charms by platoons, so that Toya was beset with inquiries as to his non-arrival. To these she lied stoutly in the Oriental fashion, of which the nuns had been unable to cure her. The excuses that she made

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for him were works of art. Meanwhile, her heart sank lower and lower. The graduates at last were marshaled into line. Four pianos under the impact of eight trembling hands crashed into the grand opening march. What had become of all the glory of the day? What was the use of her elaborate frock, of her name emblazoned large upon the program, if nobody were there to see?

Toya was smiling her widest when her turn came to appear before the public. The nuns, after agitations pro and con, had decided that an exhibition of Japanese dancing would lend an air of cosmopolitanism to the occasion. The program set forth, quite truthfully, that it was the first time the famous "*No*" dancing had ever been seen in a Catholic convent. Happily unaware of its significance, they watched the performance through their grille with smiles of self-gratulation. Toya looked like a great butterfly hovering about the stage, a gay kimono over her graduation white, her eyes modestly downcast. She had no heart for the coqueties her mother had taught her.

Suddenly, through the discreet applause of the audience, she heard laughter and a voice crying:

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"Go it, Toya!" The world was bright again. He had not failed her! She began to dance with her heart in her feet, her eyes seeking unerringly the men in the audience with their gay, coquettish glances. One does not dance for women.

Lansing was waiting for her at the door, with a bouquet whose size and undoubted costliness atoned for its crowded ugliness, an ugliness peculiarly painful to the eyes of a Japanese. It was a solid arrangement of red roses and orchids, not at all like Lansing's usual offerings.

"Had to let Grimes choose your bouquet," he explained. "I hope you like it?"

"I like better," she said evasively, "that you have come."

Lansing chuckled.

"Your mother's own daughter!" He put his arms around her, and drew her close. Toya gazed up at him in some surprise. He was not given to affectionate demonstration. His eyes were strange; luminous, and hazy at the same time, as if an impalpable veil were drawn across them. "So this is my little Toya! Are n't you going to kiss me?"

She decided with relief that he was a trifle intoxicated, and on an impulse of protection drew

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him into an empty parlor, away from the gaze of the public.

"Come, darling," he murmured; "are n't you going to kiss me?"

She put up her face without embarrassment.

"I have never kissed, but if you like I will learn."

"What, never kissed — not even the girls?"

"To kiss girls," said Toya, "would be silly."

He laughed aloud.

"You've got the right idea, at least! Be sure you don't take lessons from anybody but me."

Toya was the first to draw back. She also declined to have the lesson repeated. She shivered, and felt strangely hurt. This was not her Arri San, this man who stared at her as if he had never seen her before! He looked like somebody else. He looked — with a start she realized that he looked like Warwick.

"Well, well!" he murmured. "The little Toya — who'd have thought it? A woman grown! What will they say to my 'pig in a poke' now?"

"You like my new dress?" she asked anxiously.

He patted her cheek.

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"I like you! Why, little girl, you're a beauty!"

"A beauty! Ho, no! Not like O Lily San!"

His face changed, as it always did when that name was mentioned.

"Nobody is like O Lily San. But you'll do, my dear. You'll distinctly do!"

She gave a sigh of relief.

"Then you will not have much trouble to marry me?"

"Marry — great heavens! You're not planning to leave me already!" His face fell.

"Why, look here, Toya, I've been counting on having a family and a home for the first time in my life. I've taken an apartment for you, a real apartment, with a drawing-room, and a dining-room, and a tiny study for me, and two baths —"

"But, Arri San," she said, awed, "can you afford?"

"No, indeed! That's half the pleasure of it. Wait till you see the completeness of the kitchenette!"

"It is well," said Toya soberly, "that I have learned cooking."

"Cooking? Pooh!" He made an airy ges-

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ture with his cigarette. "The daughter of a millionaire never cooks. She sits on gilt chairs and allows handmaidens to brush out her back hair. I forgot to tell you that I am about to become a millionaire. Won't it be nice?"

Toya looked doubtful. Her experience of millionaires had been confined to Simon Marriott, and she was not at all sure that they were desirable to have in the family.

"How do you become a millionaire?" she asked practically.

"Wait and see. Have you heard of such a thing as the stock market? No? Well, it's a place where a fellow takes his brain, and his nerve, and a little inside knowledge, and sells 'em for hard cash—lots of it. I've been silly enough to be content all my life with a safe little starvation income. Now that I am about to become a family man, it's different. I need the money. You shall have your coming-out ball at Sherry's—a cotillon, I think," he said dreamily. "Something tells me that you are going to be the belle of the winter, too. I've never been the father of a belle, and I'm going to like it. Let me hear no more nonsense about marrying!"

"But," said Toya, "I am already seventeen,



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and if I grow much older no man will desire me in marriage. How, then, shall I have children?"

His flushed face softened.

"Perhaps you 'll have to adopt them, as I do." He got to his feet and began to walk restlessly about. "Curious how thirsty I am! Is there anything to drink in this place?"

Toya hurried from the room and returned in a moment with a decanter of sherry, kept by the nuns to honor special visitors. He poured out a tumbler of it and raised it eagerly to his lips. Suddenly he let it fall with a crash, so that the wine splashed Toya's dress.

"No, no! Got to stick it out this time," he muttered. "Family man now. No more nonsense. Get thee behind me, old chap! What was I saying? Oh, about the stock market."

He began to explain to her with great minuteness some operation in Amalgamated Sugar, of which she understood not one word. She listened, nodding gravely now and then, and watching him very closely. He was beginning to stagger as he walked, and occasionally passed a hand over his eyes as if he were in pain. She noticed for the first time the changes which the years had made in him. The blond hair had

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grown rather thin on top, although it still curled debonairly. There was a faint cynicism in his pleasant smile, there were new lines in his face which lent it neither strength nor beauty. It is not good for a ship to drift rudderless at the mercy of wind and tide. "He is very old!" thought Toya, surprised.

"Of course, I've got to be Fido at the rat hole these days," he was saying. "Would n't do to let my foot slip — every cent I've got is in this deal. But it's a sure thing. Inside information. Got it from a chap who used to be Marriott's right-hand man. Where are those flowers? Got to be at the convent at three o'clock." He passed a dazed hand over his forehead and smiled sheepishly. "What am I talking about, anyway? Sounds foolish."

"Will you not sit down, Arri San? You are tired," said Toya.

He sank down on the sofa beside her. "Yes, I am tired. Women are comfortable things to have about. I wish — ah, Lily, don't you know how lonesome you've made me? But it does n't matter, it does n't matter." He began to stroke Toya's hand. "How soft it is, and white, and cool! Let me put it on my forehead. There!

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That's better. You are n't often so kind, Lily. Toya calls 'em lotus flowers, the funny little beggar! 'Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus buds afloat.'"

"You are not *yota*," exclaimed the girl in alarm, "you are ill! Your face burns like fire!"

He shook her off irritably.

"There you go. Nonsense!" he muttered. "Never was ill in my life. Have n't time, I tell you. Got an important deal on, doc. Fido at the rat hole. If you put me to bed I'll just get up again. Due in Washington, too — three o'clock. . . . Now what in the devil am I going to Washington for?"

"Toya's graduation," said the girl gently.

"Oh, yes. Thanks. Got to get that train or I'll disappoint her. Grimes, confound you! Bring me those shoes. Where's the bouquet?" He hurried to the door.

"Wait!" cried Toya, running after him.

The nun at the door called out: "Where are you going — in that dress, without a hat? Have you permission, Toya? Come back at once!"

But Toya hurried after her friend without a backward glance, thus giving scandal to the last.

## CHAPTER XI

**T**O say that the long days of Lansing's illness were unhappy ones for Toya would not be telling the exact truth. In fact, she enjoyed them extremely. She had come into her woman's inheritance. For the first time in her life she was needed.

During his delirium she played many parts. Sometimes she was his long-dead mother, telling him endless tales of gods and dragons, the only sort of fairy-lore she knew, lulling him to sleep with the tuneless music that had so often soothed the slumbers of the doll Arri-Lily. Her sturdy little shoulder was often more comforting than the pillow to his hot and aching head. Occasionally it was Madame Thousand Joys who jested and laughed with him, practicing for his benefit all the pretty wiles copied or inherited from that past-mistress in the art of pleasing. Most often — and this was her favorite rôle — she was Mrs. Warwick, listening wistfully to his love-making, an experience strangely sweet to “a young lady long past the age of marrying.”

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It must be confessed that Toya dreaded a little the day when her charge would be himself again and no longer dependent upon her; even as mothers dread the day when their babies will be able to walk alone.

Her experiences with Lansing after she followed him from the convent had the weird vagueness of a nightmare. For hours they wandered about the streets in the hot June sunshine, Lansing obeying the instinct that makes a sick animal run until it drops. People stared curiously, sometimes with covert smiles, sometimes with sympathy, at the flushed, unsteady man and his hatless companion. Toya suspected what they thought, and was too proud to ask for help. Once she got him to a railroad station; only to fail of her purpose because the noise of an incoming train hurt his head. Several times they passed doctors' offices, and she tried in vain to lure him into them. Presently she gave up all attempts to guide him, and simply followed — "standing by to guard," as he would have said.

Occasionally he became aware of her presence and exerted himself to be agreeable. "Where is your hat?" he asked once, but his attention wandered before she replied. Later, however, as they

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passed a milliner's shop, the matter recurred to him, and he turned in.

"Hats, my dear," he said to the elderly woman who came forth to wait on them. "Large, expensive affairs with plumes on 'em, please. Take several while you're about it, Coralie. Nonsense! Of course you will. Can't I give an old friend a few miserable little bonnets if I choose?"

Toya hastily selected the least costly. Then he turned his winning smile upon the tight-lipped milliner. "And now choose one for yourself, my dear," he urged. "If there's one thing that gives me true æsthetic pleasure, it is to see a pretty little face like yours under the proper sort of hat."

Toya, behind his back, made apologetic signs toward her forehead, and led him hastily away. She also managed to get possession of his pocket-book.

Later they found themselves in an amusement park, where Lansing again became aware of her, this time as a child. Mounted respectively upon a zebra and a kangaroo, they made hilarious journeys about the merry-go-round; they raced donkeys; they shot the chutes; they toured the park

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behind a toy locomotive, somewhat to the surprise of the public, Toya meanwhile carrying a whole flock of balloons which he had insisted upon buying for her friends at the convent. Under the impression that they were off on one of their earlier jaunts to Atlantic City, Lansing entered into the occasion with the zest of adaptability that was one of his great social assets; and Toya almost forgot her advanced years and her anxieties in a sort of fearful joy.

Dusk found them roaming the hot streets again, in a part of town where the houses were very small and close together, and the blare of the saloon phonographs recurred on every corner. "My God! Don't they know *anything* but the Merry Widow? I cannot bear it another moment," said Lansing suddenly; and collapsed upon the sidewalk, unconscious.

Toya gave hasty thanks to the gods and saints *en bloc*, and at once took command of the situation. In this emergency, she developed certain of the qualities which had made Simon Marriott a power among men.

"We will carry him into your house. Take his feet," she said calmly to the slatternly woman who came running out of a nearby cottage with

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exclamations of sympathy. She further magnetized her hostess into offering the largest bedroom, which happened to be her own. Another command brought the best doctor within reach, hastening, who took Lansing's pulse and asked grave questions.

"Typhoid," he pronounced briefly. "I'd like to get him to a hospital, but he's too sick to be moved. With a good nurse, however —"

"I shall nurse him," said Toya.

The doctor looked her over. "You're very young. Had any experience?"

"Ho, yes," confidently replied Toya, whose experience was limited to the care of ailing pets. But there was something in the gesture with which she smoothed the bedclothes that reassured the doctor, accustomed to the mother-instinct in all its manifestations.

"All right. Guess we can manage." He looked from one to the other, curiously. The girl's elaborate dress, the man's general appearance, his fashionably-cut clothes, the gold cigarette-box and other costly trifles that lay on the table beside him — all seemed rather out of keeping in that neighborhood. "Who are you, anyway?" he asked.



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"His daughter," said Toya promptly. She had expected the question, and instinct told her that blood-relationship would give her an unquestionable right to take care of Lansing.

The doctor lifted his eyebrows with a skeptical smile. He was a middle-aged man, with the wide experience and the highly-developed intuitions of his profession. Lansing, with closed eyes and cheeks flushed with fever, had the youthful, almost boyish look which some blond men keep until old age; whereas Toya had matured with the early suddenness of her race. Moreover, the man belonged quite evidently to that privileged moneyed class whose morals, thanks to the newspapers, are the property and the shocked delight of the proletariat.

"That won't do, my dear," he said kindly enough. "People won't believe you. This is a respectable and a most inquisitive neighborhood. I think we'd better call you his wife for the time being, eh?"

Toya acquiesced; she would have been willing to be called his grandmother, so long as nobody interfered with her God-given rights as a nurse and a woman.

## CHAPTER XII

NEVERTHELESS, despite her self-confidence, she was soon very grateful for the capable assistance of neighbors; for it was a community of the poor, in which "neighbor" is invariably a synonym for "friend." Lansing yielded himself to disease with the abandon of the man who is rarely ill, and who means to make a thorough job of it while he is about it. Doubtless his habits and modes of living had much to do with the completeness of his surrender. The doctor came often, and continued to look grave. "His nerves are in bad shape — been on some sort of strain, probably," he said. "Oh, yes, you're an excellent nurse, my dear — could n't be better. You know how to give orders, and take 'em. But I wish we could move him to a quieter, cooler place." And indeed Mrs. Shea's best bedroom, spotless as Toya kept it, was not the ideal sick-chamber.

It overhung a dirty, populous street of the sort that serves as annex to the home, where the affairs of life are conducted with frank candor;

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children noisily at play, neighbors shouting the gossip of the day from doorstep to doorstep, tipsy folk quarreling, wives scolding, lovers, white and black, courting audibly far into the hot, starlit night. To Toya, accustomed to loneliness, all this hum and stir of life so close at hand was gay and cheerful; but Lansing, tossing and turning feebly on his bed, found the constant sounds acute torture. The blare of phonographs from the various saloons in the neighborhood, rather pleasing to Toya's uncritical ear, was particularly terrible to Lansing, who paid the penalty of over-cultivation. "I can't bear it!" he muttered over and over again. "Can't you make 'em stop? Can't you make 'em play something else? Listen to them — five at once, all doing the Merry Widow, each in a different key!"

One night, to Toya's alarm, he suddenly burst into tears. "Grimes," he begged piteously, "go break those machines, can't you? Make 'em stop! They're playing in my head, and it hurts. *Make 'em stop!*"

Into Toya's troubled face came a fleeting resemblance to her grandfather. "Very well, I will make them stop," she said. "Only wait, Arri San!"

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Leaving Mrs. Shea in charge, she sallied forth to the nearest saloon. Its bar, as she knew, was presided over by one Mr. Terence Shea, son of her hostess, of whom she had been vaguely aware from time to time as a large person who tiptoed elaborately around the house in squeaking shoes. She pushed open the swinging doors, and paused, a little frightened by the number of men in the smoke-filled room. Several of these made friendly remarks as she passed, however, which reassured her. The bartender stared when he heard her errand.

"Stop the phonograph, is it? What for, then? 'T is the best wan on the street. Has the man no taste for music?" he said indignantly.

"The music is beautiful, very beautiful," Toya assured him. "But Arri San cannot enjoy to hear it. He has madness."

"Oh! Bug-house, eh?" Mr. Shea was mollified. "Sure, I'd like fine to oblige ye, ma'am, but you see the music attracts business. If we stop our machine, the crowd will go to other places where they hear phonographs playing. Why, there's a pianola at Schmitz's that gets a lot of our trade away as it is."

"That," said Toya, "shall also be stopped, as

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well as the other music-machines. Arri San must sleep."

The bartender grinned, and scratched his head. "Are ye thinkin' of stoppin' ivry phonograph in Washington, ma'am?"

"All that Arri San can hear," she replied. "I will go to the saloon-gentlemen myself and explain."

It was too much for Irish gallantry. "That ye will not, ma'am! Saloons are no places for the likes of you this time o' night. I'll sphake to the bhoys meself."

Lansing did sleep that night, thanks to a collusion of silence on the part of the phonographs; and thereafter Toya noticed that the street itself was quieter, there was less quarreling and shouting beneath her window, the very wagons rattled by with subdued, apologetic haste; for Terence Shea was not without power in his limited sphere of action.

The time came, however, when nothing from the outside world had power to affect Harry Lansing. He had withdrawn from it to a place apart, a world peopled with shadows and imaginings, where even the voice of Toya could not follow him. Incredibly wasted, his skin burning

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hot to the touch, he babbled and muttered ceaselessly, his voice growing fainter and weaker every hour. Toya, for the first time in her life, began to lose confidence in herself. She clung to the society of the neighbor women, with their authoritative talk of birth and death, wistfully envying them their experience. She felt so young. She watched the doctor's face with eyes whose dumb terror went to his heart.

Through it all she was conscious, very gratefully conscious, of Terence Shea in the background, brooding over her like a kindly young providence. The shy courage of the girl, venturing forth on her midnight round of the barrooms to demand quiet so that a sick man should sleep, struck an answering chord in the fighting spirit of a Shea; and he promptly fell in love, with all the hopeless, romantic ardor of his race. His devotion manifested itself in various practical ways. Sometimes it took the form of light refreshments, brought to her when he came off duty in the barroom; a bottle of cold pop, perhaps, or a sandwich, known technically as a ham-on-rye. Sometimes it was a rather faded nose-gay, which had seen service as decoration in the saloon, and which she received and tended with

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as much care as if the flowers were sick babies. It was Shea who insisted upon her daily outing, top-toeing in at odd moments to take her place beside the bed; Shea who organized the neighborhood women into a relief committee, so that the girl should have her regular hours of rest and sleep. His only reward for all this was her occasional polite "I thank you, Mr. Terence Shea." Toya, preoccupied with Lansing, could not have described a feature of the Irishman's face, except perhaps a certain blue tenderness in his gaze. Nevertheless — for such is the nature of the sex — she found heart to get out of her trunk a becoming ribbon or two, which would have been quite wasted on the unseeing eyes of the sick man.

One night, as Toya sat alone beside the bed, tirelessly fanning, she was aware of a change in her patient. All that day there had been much shaking of heads and compressing of lips among the neighbor women, and the doctor had come many times, leaving without comment. Now the voice from the bed, which for hours had been a mere whisper, ceased entirely. Toya, bending over, saw that Lansing's eyes were fixed and glassy, and his limbs rigid. Only the hands were

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not still, never ceased for a moment their picking and pulling at the sheets.

"I am afraid," said Toya to herself; but went quickly and steadily about her duties as nurse, changing the ice-packs, putting water to his lips, bathing his face. His fixed gaze did not flicker. Toya wished that somebody would come. She could hear Mrs. Shea's rhythmic snoring from the room below, and knew that it would be impossible to wake her unless she went to her side; and she dared not leave Lansing. The night was sultry and still. Not a breath of air stirred the curtain; there was not a sound to be heard, not a footfall in the street below, not even the distant barking of a dog. A terrible sense of loneliness surged over the girl. She was absolutely alone in the world except for the silent figure on the bed; except for something — what was it? — that he stared at so fixedly in the corner.

"Arri San! I am afraid," she said aloud, and slipped her hand into his. For the first time his fingers failed to close upon it. Always before his hand had responded to the appeal of hers; for the instinct of protection was very strong in him. But after a moment, the faint voice began again, in a level, conversational tone: "You're quite



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right, my dear. I must not — I really must not."

She thought he was speaking to her. "Must not — what?"

"Must not die. It would n't be *bushido*,<sup>1</sup> would it? One keeps one's promises. I rather balled things up with the old gentleman, I know, but give me a chance. I'll make that all right. Only I'm so deucedly tired. . . . Yes, yes, I'll keep my promise, I tell you! You need not worry. . . . Ashamed of you? Why, she'll be proud of you, Thousand Joys! I'll see to that. You're a brave little soul. . . ."

Toya realized, with awe, that he was speaking to the dead.

"Only give me time. Of course I can't go now. Nothing ready" — he suddenly sat upright — "not even life insurance. Why, good God! What would become of the child? Not a cent, not a friend. Of course, there's Lily. But I don't know, I don't know. Women are queer with each other. Can't count on them. . . . Poor girl! Never had any of her own — that's the trouble. . . . Here! I've got to get out of this. Grimes, confound your insolence! let me

<sup>1</sup> Japanese code of ethics.

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up. Get my boots. Let me up, I tell you! Where 's that bouquet? . . . No nonsense. Get thee behind me — family man now — ”

It took all the girl's strength to hold him in bed. Breathless, she called for help again and again; but Mrs. Shea snored placidly on.

“ If I lie here I'll die, and I *can't* do that. Don't you understand, you fool? The girl! What would become of her? Girls can't be left alone in the world, without money. Who's going to take care of Toya? ”

Her voice had no effect upon him; the delirious struggle was exhausting them both.

“ Who 'll take care of her? ” he panted. “ I cannot die, I can't, I can't — ”

“ Oh, yes, you can, if you 've a mind to, ” said a big, quiet voice from the doorway. “ Of course you can! Who's to prevent? ”

Lansing turned wild eyes upon him and began the tale anew. “ You see how it is, Warwick. Girls can't be left alone in the world! With chaps like you lying in wait for 'em — No life insurance! They're trying to keep me here, but I *can't* die. Who'll look after her? ”

Shea creaked across to the bed. “ I will, ” he

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said, easily, a warm red showing under his freckles. "Faith, if that's your trouble, rest aisy, man! I'll be proud of the chance to look afther her. Die, if you've a mind to!" His blue eyes twinkled.

Lansing paused a moment to peer at him. "Who the devil are you? You're not Warwick."

"No, I'm just a man. Rest aisy now! I'll look afther the girl."

"Word of honor?"

"Sure. Here's me hand on it." Lansing clung to the great hairy hand, sighed, and relaxed among his pillows. Shea winked at Toya.

She sat down for a moment. At intervals she heard fretful murmurings from the bed, and a big, quiet voice answering, "Rest aisy." Once she felt a pillow being slipped behind her head. Once she felt a touch, very light, on her cheek. . . .

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and rubbed them. There was sunlight in the room, and several people were whispering together — Mrs. Shea, the doctor, and Terence, still sitting on the edge of Lansing's bed.

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“I have slept!” she exclaimed, and ran to Lansing, terrified.

But the doctor laid his finger on his lip. “Ssh! He’s been asleep, too, for hours. The crisis has passed. Look!”

Lansing’s forehead was damp with perspiration.

## CHAPTER XIII

SOME hours later, he opened seeing eyes upon the wallpaper, and closed them again, hastily. "Magenta parrots chasing themselves through a forest of purple roses — good Lord!" he murmured. "Thought they were part of the nightmare. Where am I this time?" He tried again, cautiously. His eyes rested upon a slender vase in which a few maple leaves were arranged with a simplicity that took his mind to Japan. "That means Toya somewhere about," he said aloud.

A breathless voice beside him quavered, "I am here. Oh, Arri San!" It was the first time for days that he had consciously spoken her name.

He smiled at her, a rather wan effort of a smile, but full of the old gay camaraderie. For several days he rested, listlessly content, lingering on the borderland between thoughts and dreams. Then one morning he asked for his mail.

"Mail?" repeated Toya aghast. She had not thought to notify anyone of his illness, and for

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the first time she realized that people might be wondering what had become of him.

"Oh, it does n't matter," said Lansing when she explained. "It is n't as if I were a man of affairs. Only do write to Grimes and set his mind at rest. He's always so disagreeable when he is n't consulted about things. And Lily — whew! What must she be thinking of me? How long have I been in retirement, by the way?"

Toya told him.

"What?" he cried, startled. "Then I've been really ill! And you nursed me all by yourself? Toya, my dear, you're the best investment I ever made."

She explained conscientiously that she had not nursed him quite by herself. "There was Mr. Terence Shea, and his parent, and also neighbor-ladies, who came in when you were very bad and sat upon you."

"That must have been when I was trying to escape from those parrots," he said reminiscently. "My dear child, will you tell me why you selected a room for me papered in magenta parrots?"

"It was the only one Mrs. Shea could spare," explained Toya, and told him the circumstances of their arrival.

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"But where is your room, then?" he demanded.

She pointed unconcernedly to a pallet in one corner.

He flushed. "Why, you poor little martyr! Shut up both day and night with a raving lunatic. No wonder you've lost your resemblance to a sleek quail! I never knew before that you had cheek-bones. But I must say you seem as cheerful as ever."

"Women enjoy to nurse," she said. "Also, I have been assisting to raise a family. By the window is a tree where a robin-bird has builded him a nest. In the nest are five young, little young, with feathers of the smallest!" Her face had the rapt look it had worn when she exposed to him the secret charms of the doll Arri-Lily.

He smiled at her rather tenderly. "I think," he said, "that you are the only perfect specimen I have come across of that rare and pleasant creature, the born mother-woman."

"Ho, yes," said Toya simply. "I shall have very many sons."

There came shortly from Grimes a great package of letters and bills and invitations, among them a pale gray envelope which Lansing selected

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eagerly, pushing aside the rest as of small importance. But as he read, his face lengthened and his eagerness changed to dismay.

"See here, Toya," he said sharply. "A most unfortunate thing has happened. People have been wondering what's become of us, and somehow they've got hold of the ridiculous impression that we've eloped; gone off and got married, you know. Awkward, is n't it?"

Toya, with a guilty giggle, began twisting at a fold of her dress. She scented trouble.

"Of course it's all my fault," frowned Lansing. "I ought to have adopted you long ago. To tell the truth, I wanted to give that old grandfather of yours another chance. Seems rather mean of me, taking away the only kith and kin he's got in the world. But I've waited too long, it appears. You're grown-up, you see. What asses people are, what awful asses! That's the worst of a reputation like mine," he added ruefully. "I meant well, but I've managed to compromise you."

"'Compromise?' What is that?"

His troubled face softened. "Of course you would n't understand, kiddie, and you need n't. It's a word for artificial, dirty-minded folk, who



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never use their eyes, only their noses. . . . Fortunately, the thing can be remedied easily enough. I'll just send you back to the convent at once, and take the proper steps to adopt you legally."

Her face fell. Back to the convent, away from him, away from this new-found freedom and power! "But," she protested, "you are not yet well, you still have need of me, Arri San. Look how weak are your arms! Also," she added, brightening, "they do not allow married ladies at the convent. And they are angry with me, the nuns, very angry. To marry without permission is impolite. It is even scandal. Always, always am I giving scandal," she said, complacently.

" 'To the pure almost everything's rotten!' " quoted Lansing, *sotto voce*. "Do you mean to say that the nuns are responsible for this news about our elopement?"

"You see, Mr. Terence Shea told them I was married with you when he went to the convent to procure my clothing."

"And these people here believe it, too?" Lansing asked, despairingly.

"I do not think they *believe* it," reassured Toya, "because I have no ring. But I have told

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them that I am wife to you, and they pretend to believe."

Lansing made a queer sound in his throat. "You told them?"

Toya nodded, and giggled again. "It is fun to play at being married lady," she explained. "The maiden is worthless, a nothing, but the married lady — Arri San!" She was startled by the expression of his face. "Is there harm in making pretence that I am married? Are you angry?"

"Harm — Oh Lord!" he groaned. "Go away and let me think." Her stricken face touched him with compunction. "Never mind, kiddie! You're a dear little thing, anyway. Come back here and kiss me."

She bent over him, trembling suddenly in all her limbs, and put her mouth upon his. Then she struggled away from his arms, and ran out of the room. He looked after her, puzzled, a little embarrassed.

"I wonder — Nonsense! I'm old enough to be her father." He blushed at his thought. "But she's changed; I must remember that she's a grown woman now. Funny little beggar!"

When Toya reëntered the room in response to

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his call, there was an odd new shyness in her manner which he failed to notice, being pre-occupied with his own thoughts. His face had grown very grave and a trifle careworn. The girl thought once again how old he seemed. But there was an exaltation in his look which she had seen before, the look knights-errant may have worn when they rode forth to right the wrongs of oppressed womanhood.

"I've been thinking things over," he said, "and the only solution of this little difficulty is — is for you to be really married to me." He paused expectant, but there was no change in her impassive eyes. "It seems a little absurd, a man my age, while you are so young, so entirely without experience. Why, I don't believe you know another man, do you?"

"I know Mr. Terenshay." Her unaccented slurring of the name gave it a quite distinguished, Gallic effect.

"The bartender?" Lansing dismissed him with an amused shrug.

"I know the doctor," continued Toya.

Lansing smiled. "Not quite in the way I mean, dear. He's middle-aged, and fat. He has n't said sweet things to you, made love to you

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— all the sort of thing a young girl has the right to expect.”

“But he has,” said Toya surprisingly. “He says that when you have wearied of me, I shall come to him and he will take care of me. He says that men like you quickly tire of girls like me, and then where are we? He says that he will not tire. He says —”

Lansing sprang up in bed, his eyes blazing. “He does, eh? The damned scoundrel! The dirty little fat beast! I’ll bash his nose in! I —”

“Arri San! Lie down at once,” cried Toya in alarm. “Remember that you are ill!”

He yielded to her pushing hands, muttering, “To think of you being exposed to this sort of thing! Thrown with bartenders, amorous old sawbones — bah! A pretty sort of guardian I am!”

“Are you angry that persons speak love to me, Arri San? Love-making is pleasant,” she said, wistfully. “When you thought I was O Lily San you spoke much love to me.”

He colored. “I’m afraid you’ll have to marry me now, if only to allay this damned doctor’s fears for your future,” he said grimly. “But I want you to understand just what you are do-

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ing. I've mighty little to offer you; not even — love, because — ” He hesitated.

“ Because of O Lily San. I know.”

“ Yes,” he admitted simply. “ Because of her. Our marriage cannot interfere with my friendship for her, of course. But aside from that — well, I'm nearly forty, I'm getting bald, my habits are n't exactly domestic. Altogether, you'll be making a bad bargain. You're sure you won't mind — quite sure? ”

He gazed at her anxiously, hoping against hope that she would decline to consider him as a husband. He was not going to force a child to marry him against her will, conventions or no conventions.

But she did not see his look. She was gazing out into the tree where a bird had builded him a nest, her face rapt with thoughts which no man could penetrate.

“ I shall not mind,” she said. “ It is time that I should become a wife. Also, ‘ the old husband maketh the wise husband,’ ” she added, quoting a proverb of Japan.

Some time later, Toya, giving her usual religious care to the preparation of Lansing's dinner, was startled by sounds from the floor above. She

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flew upstairs, to discover the invalid getting into his clothes, cursing himself aloud for his weakness.

"Don't stop me," he panted. "I'm going to New York on the next train. By Jove! Do you know I'd forgotten there was such a thing as the stock-market?"

Without wasting time in words, Toya ran for the doctor. They found Lansing collapsed half-way down the stairs, the color of ashes, but fully dressed.

"What's the meaning of this folly?" cried the doctor. "Did n't I tell you not to get out of bed for another week? As for going to New York —"

Lansing raised his eyebrows. "I'm rather more accustomed to giving orders than receiving them," he said. "Did you ever happen to hear of Amalgamated Sugar?"

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, humoring him. He thought, with Toya, that the delirium had returned. "I had a few shares of it myself, which I sold at a tidy profit not long ago, when some fool was trying to corner the market. Gone to pot since."

"Gone to pot, eh? Well," sighed Lansing, "I

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am the fool who tried to corner Amalgamated Sugar."

Toya looked from one to the other, sensing disaster. "Then you will not become a millionaire?" she ventured.

"Not to-day. In fact, I do not know where my next meal is coming from."

"It is even now cooking in the stove," reassured Toya. "It is an infant chicken, with peas of the smallest. And I am very glad you will not become a millionaire, because to cook is more amusing than to sit upon gilt chairs and have the back hairs brushed," she added, somewhat to the mystification of the two men.

## CHAPTER XIV

THE next day found the pair in a New York taxicab, Lansing having as yet no realization of the financial condition that forbids taxicabs. A long-distance conference with his agitated and reproachful broker had confirmed his worst fears. His entire small fortune, embarked upon the Amalgamated Sugar venture, had been wiped out in twenty-four hours, during which time the broker had tried desperately and vainly to get into communication with him.

"But it was a sure thing — that chap *said* it was a sure thing, you know, and he's been Marriott's right-hand man!" insisted Lansing. "Is n't there a cent left, not a red sou? 'Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,' eh? Oh, well, damn the luck!"

Thereafter, neither the commands of the doctor nor the prayerful entreaties of Toya had sufficed to keep him a convalescent. "The marts of commerce are clamoring for me," he assured them, airily. "Let us, then, be up and doing.



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As a prospective family-man, it is up to me to find a job."

He declined to take the change in his fortunes seriously. "I've been in debt all my life," he remarked. "A little more or less won't matter."

Only the depleted contents of the pocketbook in Toya's charge stood between him and penury, and part of that he insisted upon spending on flowers to make the apartment gay for their homecoming. Toya realized, with a certain satisfaction, that it was she who must continue to keep command of the situation; and she at once busied her mind with housewifely plans for retrenchment.

"First of all things," she decided, "we shall send away that servant, Grimes."

Lansing turned a rueful face upon her. "Send away old Grimes! But why? Nobody else will have him, he's so cross. Besides, the fellow's a positive economy; saves me no end of cleaners' and tailors' bills; cooks a very decent breakfast, too, now and then. I'd miss the old fellow's grumbling, Toya — sounds so sort of homelike."

But she was obdurate.

"Perhaps a woman would be better, now that you are here," he conceded. "One of

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these what-d'-ye-call-ems — a general house-work, what? ”

“ I,” said Toya, “ shall be that general house-work. And I shall cook better breakfasts than Grimes. Also I shall grumble, if you wish. As for the creases of your trousers, Arri San, only wait! They shall be as knives.”

He laughed aloud. “ Why, you baby, you don't really suppose I'm going to let you *work* for me? ”

She stared at him in amaze. “ Not work for you! What, then, am I to do? Am I not to be your wife? ”

He was silent, realizing the generations that spoke in the girl; generations of women whose highest ambition lay in service to their men and their children. He was rather touched.

“ I'll let the little thing play her game for a few days, until she tires of it,” he thought.

Grimes was waiting for them, rigid with disapproval. “ There 'ave been callers, sir, there 'ave been hinquries by wire, halso reporters. Of course *hi* 'ave been unable to hinform nobody of nothink,” he said in an injured voice, with a stony glare at Toya; and from force of habit, gave notice. He was the most surprised servant in

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New York when the notice was accepted. In fact, Lansing had to soothe his feelings with a diamond scarfpin.

"And woo," he demanded of high heaven, "is going to give Mr. 'Arry's clothes the hat-tention to w'ich they 'ave been haccustomed?"

"I," said Toya. "Where are your brooms, Grimes, and your dusters? I shall now have house-cleaning."

Grimes turned up his nose audibly, and departed; not, however, before he had given minute instructions as to the pressing of clothes. Lansing had a way of commanding affection even where he failed of respect.

It took that young man a very short while to discover that the marts of commerce were not, apparently, clamoring for him. He had rather fancied that when he signified to the world his royal pleasure to accept employment at its hands, the worst was over. Things had always come to him easily. A youth of some ability, he had strolled through a college course with the maximum amount of pleasure and the minimum amount of effort, knowing that the will of a frugal and doting aunt had made the earning of a livelihood unnecessary. His income,

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small enough compared with the incomes of his friends, was quite sufficient for a bachelor's needs, and even permitted the indulgence of certain dilettante tastes he cultivated. His collection of Japanese porcelains was not unknown; his tiny apartment was quite famous for its rugs, and its teakwood, and its embroideries.

He wandered pleasantly about the world, occasionally shooting strange beasts in their habitat, or writing magazine articles on life in out-of-the-way places, usually in the wake of Lily Warwick, always very much in demand among his friends, neither better nor worse than the majority of them. If occasionally a wave of disillusionment and discontent swept over him that amounted almost to nausea, he put it down to his unhappy love affair, and banished introspection by the first means that came to hand.

Now that it became necessary to consider his long-disused abilities as a possible asset, however, he was aware of an odd, new zest in life. "I'll just show them what I can do," he thought, straightening his shoulders, and at the same time wincing as he remembered how signally he had failed to show them what he could do in the stock-market.

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Toya eyed him in those days with awed admiration. Late into the night lights burned in his study, and Toya, creeping to the door at intervals, could hear the busy scratching of a pen. "He writes a book," she thought, proudly. "He will now become famous." Every morning he fared forth jauntily, with a long paper envelope protruding from his pocket, leaving Toya to the happy absorption of her household tasks. But for some reason, the articles on life in foreign countries, which had sold so easily when their price was a matter of unimportance, failed now to sell at any price; nor were Lansing's services required by any of the magazines to whom he offered himself.

Daily the airy insouciance of his manner grew more forced. He began to realize the shivering nakedness of the man who has no money in his pockets. For the first time he became aware of a class of people less obtrusive than the beggars to whom he was always so carelessly generous — the shabby, wistful army of the men who have gone under. Sometimes they were gentlemen, college-bred, intelligent, these men who went under. Lansing began to shun his acquaintances, and considered resigning from his

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clubs. The growing pile of invitations to weekends, cruises and the like was neglected; so also was the growing pile of bills. The problem of daily bread absorbed him to the exclusion of less vital matters.

Lansing found himself looking forward to the end of his long, humiliating days with an unaccustomed sense of eagerness. The little apartment had become home to him because a woman was there; a very small woman, to be sure, who greeted him with the laughter of a happy child, and romped with him, or danced for him, or sang him tuneless melodies, as his whim dictated. In his home, at least, he was still a person of some importance, all-wise, all-powerful.

"*She's* not worried anyway, the jolly little chap! *She's* happy as the day is long — and that's more than she would have been with old Marriott," he said to himself, with a guilty thought of the luxury of which his impulsive folly had deprived her.

It occurred to him that he had done the domestic life scant justice. Undoubtedly it had its points. He found himself thinking with distaste of the autumn, when his friends would be returning to town and the present quiet sim-

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plicity of his life must suffer necessary interruptions. Part of this feeling he put down to the inertia following his illness. But undoubtedly Toya had the gift of home-making. Moreover she had certain æsthetic perceptions common to her race, and increased in her case by inheritance from her artist father.

The apartment was full of surprise for Lansing. Japanese fashion, Toya never exhibited more than two or three *objets de vertu* at a time, in order to emphasize their beauty by isolation. One day a fine ivory would occupy the place of honor; again it would be a strip of embroidery, or a porcelain, or a bit of jade which he had forgotten. There were no pictures on the fawn-gray walls, she had put away the hangings, the shining floors were innocent of rugs. Every window-sill had its box of ferns or blossoms, for Toya had a gift with small, growing things; and the hot August sun came into the rooms tempered by delicate traceries of green vines. To come up from the glare of the streets into this cool, fragrant place was like stepping into another world — a world which Lansing, always very sensitive to surroundings, left each day with increasing reluctance.

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Toya herself was as daintily fresh and cool as her dwelling-place. Her little frocks of white or of china-blue were, to a man's eyes, unaccountably different from ordinary dresses, probably because of their extreme simplicity; a simplicity due to the fact that she made them herself, and that trimmings cost money. Whatever Toya undertook, was done with the loving thoroughness of the born artist. It was a constant delight to Lansing to watch her prepare their simple meals; her deft little brown hands flying about their tasks, her face earnest with endeavor. Once he came home unexpectedly and found her at the wash-tub, crooning to herself, her print frock tucked in chastely at the throat and turned up over a stiff white petticoat, a stiff white coif on her head which she had fashioned from memory of the caps worn by servants in Kamioko.

When she discovered him watching her, she blushed and engaged him in hasty badinage; for she was washing out shirts that were supposed to be done for him at a laundry. But his eyes were too busy with her to notice anything else.

"I wish your father were here now with his



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brushes, little girl!" he said. "Never let me catch you wearing a collar again, do you hear? That creamy, soft throat with the little hollow at the base—it's charming. It's positively kissable!"

Toya giggled with pleasure; and thereafter collars disappeared from her wardrobe.

Her crowning domestic achievement was, perhaps, the *engawa*, without which no Japanese home is complete; a little shelf-like porch that jutted out from the dining-room and furnished seating capacity for two, if they sat very close together. Here, quite bowered in blossoms and sheltered by an ambitious kudzu-vine whose growth bade fair to rival the bean-stalk of the fable, Lansing was wont to smoke his after-dinner cigar (which very shortly became a pipe); watching the sunset fade in the smoky sky, watching the lights begin to bloom in myriads below him, fancying himself deep in thought. And beside him on a cushion, very, very still, her hand tucked into his, sat Toya. He was more or less aware of the contact, grateful for the current of sympathy, of understanding, that flowed between them in their long silences; but Toya thrilled to it from head to foot, afraid to

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stir, almost afraid to breathe, for fear of hastening the moment of the hands' separation. She was a primal, uncomplex creature, whose heart, big as it was, had room for only one emotion at a time, and held that to overflowing. Things had come to such a pass with her that she wore a pair of Lansing's old gloves tucked into her bosom, and slept habitually with a worn-out coat of his for a pillow. All of which she would have confessed to him gladly, even proudly, if he had cared to inquire; for Toya had no shame of loving.

But Lansing was too preoccupied to be observant. Sometimes, however, the intangible fragrance of her heavy, satin-smooth hair came to his nostrils at odd times and places, and quickened his heart-beat a little; and he often wondered what had become of the plainness of her face. There was a sort of blooming, wistful radiance about it that made a critical survey of her features difficult. It is impossible to judge impartially eyes that glow like soft stars.

One evening he found the girl waiting for him with a familiar gray envelope in her hand. "Observe!" she cried, joyously. "There is at

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last a letter from O Lily San, an obese letter. See!"

Poor Toya's joyousness was a triumphant effort. Of late a change had come over her feeling for Mrs. Warwick. The beauty that had for so long delighted her seemed to her suddenly a baleful thing, a constant menace to her happiness. When the letter came, it had taken all her self-control to resist an impulse to hide it from Lansing.

He opened it, flushing a little. It was the first gray envelope that had come to him since the one that brought to him in Washington the news of his supposed elopement. He knew that Mrs. Warwick must be deeply displeased with him, but for some reason this fact had failed to trouble him. He realized that the problem of daily bread had power to exclude from his thoughts even the woman he loved.

Toya retired, with her usual delicacy, so that he should read his letter alone. After a moment he called to her: "Where are you? This is largely for you, my dear — an invitation. What do you think of it, eh? An invitation to spend the rest of the summer with Mrs. Warwick at the seashore. Pretty decent of Lily, what?"

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He tweaked her ear. "It's the solution of the problem! I've been wondering what in the world to do with you, Miss Marriott."

"You mean," said Toya faintly, "that you wish me to *go*?"

"Why, of course! It will do you all the good in the world to get out of this stifling city. You shall ride horseback, kiddie, and swim like the honorable frog, and get some color into that little face of yours — and above all, meet some men. That's the burden of Lily's song. You know I wrote to her some time ago about our matrimonial scheme, and she wired me to wait until I heard from her. This is evidently the result of her cogitations. It seems she does n't think well of my idea. In fact, she says it's ridiculous — and she's probably right. She says I'm too old, and you're too inexperienced. Oh, she does n't think well of it at all!"

Toya came close to him, a look of uncanny wisdom on her childish face. "Arri San, will she ever think well of your marriage with any person?"

He evaded the question, a little uncomfortable. "Of course, you know, our engagement stands — unless you happen to meet a chap more to

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‘your taste,’ he said lightly. “We could n’t very well get married just now anyway — not until I am sure I shall be able to support a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed. One can’t get married on credit, unfortunately! And — oh, for various reasons that you would n’t understand, it’s better for you to go to Lily, little girl. She’ll take you under her social wing, and everything will be all right.”

“You need me, Arri San.”

“Nonsense! I’ll manage very well. Of course it’s been awfully jolly playing at housekeeping this way, like a perpetual picnic. But don’t get it into your head that I can’t get along without you, dear.”

The girl’s face quivered suddenly. She laid a beseeching hand on his arm.

“Who would play with you, who would make those little dinners you enjoy so much to eat, who would comfort you when you come home so tired at the night? No, no, Arri San! If you tell me I must go from you, I will go. If you tell me to cut off my hands and my feet, I will cut them off. You are my man. But do not tell me! Do not tell me!”

He drew her to him, very much moved. Her

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tremulous lips, the bloom and fragrance of her, the throbbing of the breast under his hand — these things reminded him for the second time that his little playmate was a woman, very much a woman. The letter dropped forgotten from his fingers. . . .

Then the misty eyes, lifted so bravely to his, shamed him, and the kiss for which her lips had parted fell very lightly on her hair. “Stay, then,” he said. “I believe I do need you, after all.”

## CHAPTER XV

**L**ANSING was mistaken in his complacent belief that Toya did not realize the acuteness of the financial situation. Having spent her infancy in the household of an unsuccessful painter, she realized poverty with a vividness impossible to Lansing himself. Moreover, the past few weeks had made her eyes very keen. Beneath the constant cheerfulness of his manner, she read the fright, the discouragement, which he concealed even from himself. It was her tact that saved him many an unpleasant interview with the men who came to the apartment in increasing numbers with bills to be paid; nor was she unaware of the disappearance from time to time of various treasures that had their market value; bits of jade, an antique fan, and so on. The fact that his watch chain dangled jauntily with no more substantial anchor than a latchkey troubled her deeply. She laid the matter before Heaven at large, and even consulted Madame Thousand Joys, one sultry night when a welcome

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breeze from the sea blew in across her wakeful eyes.

"O honorable mother of me," she whispered in the half-forgotten Japanese, "what shall I do to help him? You have seen how that I eat very little, how that I make a dollar do the work of many dollars in the market place. Yet still he needs for money, so that his golden watch, even, he has sold away. How shall I find him money, august mother?"

Who shall say that Madame Thousand Joys failed to counsel her child? Certain it is that two ideas sprang full-armed into being where before there had been no ideas; and these Toya promptly translated into action, according to her wont. The next morning, after Lansing's distinguished figure had disappeared down the street in the direction of the marts of commerce, Toya emerged from the apartment and disappeared in the direction of Simon Marriott's house, marching with a certain militant bearing that concealed an inward perturbation. She carried under one arm a large newspaper bundle containing her father's water-colors.

The house showed signs of occupancy, unlike its neighbors, all closed and boarded up for the



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summer. From one of the lower windows leaned a slatternly servant, in earnest converse with a policeman. Toya, summoning her courage, rang the bell. There was no response, except the faint and wheezy barking of an old dog from somewhere within. The maid continued her conversation. Toya put her finger on the bell and kept it there. The barking became frantic. At length the servant gave her a reproachful glance, withdrew from the window, and reappeared at the door.

"Where is your apron?" asked Toya. "The good servant wears the apron, always. Is my grandfather at home?"

The woman stared.

"If you mean old Mr. Marriott, he's upstairs. First door to your right," she vouchsafed, and flounced away, leaving Toya to make the ascent unheralded.

She mounted, rather puzzled. The shining handrail of her memories was dim with dust, and at the top of the stairs she stumbled over a pail of dirty water. She wondered what had become of Hodgins, and Mrs. Jones, and the other awed domestics of her grandfather's household.

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She tapped on the study door, and was greeted from within by a fusillade of angry barking.

"I wish you 'd shut up, Inu!" said a querulous voice. "Can't I have any peace in my own house?"

She opened the door. An ancient mongrel hobbled toward her, stopped, and suddenly began to wag himself in an ecstasy of recognition.

"It is!" she cried, her eyes sparkling. "It is the same Inu! I give you greeting, sir. I hope your honorable health is well?"

An old man turned from the fire over which he was huddled, despite the heat of the August day. But for the eyes, Toya would not have known him, so small he seemed, so oddly shrunken and insignificant. But the eyes filled her with the old dismay. They were so fierce, so unfriendly. The unaccountable warmth of pity which had filled her at first sight of him suddenly died.

"My health," he muttered, "is damn poor. Everybody knows that. Hey, what 's this, what 's this?" He peered at her more closely, and began to chuckle. "Ho, it's you, is it? Already! Wants to come off the high horse, does he? Wants a little of the old man's money? Well, well, I've been waiting for you. Sit down."

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Toya did not sit down. It gave her an odd pleasure to defy him, even in so trifling a matter. She undid her bundle. "I have come," she said coldly, "to sell you pictures."

He chuckled again, and rubbed his hands.

"Pictures! So that's the graft, eh? Heard he was selling off his collections, but I did n't suppose he'd have the nerve to try me. Behind a petticoat, as usual, I see!"

Toya's face hardened.

"These pictures are my property, my inheritance from my father, who made them. Arri San does not know that I have come to you. I think you will buy the pictures because my father made them."

Simon Marriott pushed them irritably aside. He looked disappointed. "Lansing did n't send you, eh? Sure? Then what did you come for?"

"Money," she replied simply. "We have no more money. Will you buy them quickly, please? I must go home and wash the dishes."

"What in the devil do I want with any more of my son's daubs? The house is full of 'em now — meadows you can't tell from oceans, cupids with six toes on each foot. The boy

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never could draw," he said testily. "Would n't have minded so much if he knew how to draw. What I can't stand is a fool!"

"My father did not need to draw," said the girl proudly. "He was an artist."

"Humph! What do you want for the lot?"

Toya drew a long breath, and named a reckless figure. "One hundred of dollars."

He made a gesture of curious irritation.

"A grandchild of mine ought to drive a better bargain than that. Water-colors come high, if they're any good."

"One hundred of dollars," said Toya blandly, "for each picture."

His mustache worked up and down in silent mirth, with the rabbit-like effect she remembered.

"That's better. But they ain't worth it, and I don't want 'em. Hold on! This one is n't bad."

He was gazing at the sketch of a baby in a kimono, with the solemn look of a Hindu image, and its hair shaved native fashion, so that one lock stood straight up in front.

"That is little me," said Toya. "It is nothing. Here, there is a most excellent view of the holy Mount Fujiyama."

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But Simon Marriott continued to gaze at the sketch that had taken his fancy, a smile dawning in his cold eyes.

"Not much for looks, eh? I'll give you one thousand dollars for this picture," he said abruptly; and counted ten bills out of his shabby pocketbook into her hand.

Toya gathered up the remaining pictures and made for the door before he could change his mind.

"You seem to be in a hurry!" His mustaches were working again. "Wait a moment. What are you going to do when the thousand is gone? It won't last long when that fellow gets his hands on it. I give you one week before you'll be coming back here wanting more money."

"We shall not need more, I thank you," she said politely. "Arri San writes a book. We shall soon be rich."

"Not at this rate!" The old man grinned. "He's running about to all the magazines in town — all the newspapers, too — simply begging for a job. Thinks he can write, eh? The loafer! Guess he's found out by this time that it won't do to buck up against Simon Marriott. I'm not a dead one yet, not by a long shot."

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Why, I'd have got him" — he clenched a tremulous fist — "I'd have smashed that fellow if I had to come out of my grave to do it!"

Toya came back from the door. Her face was as grim as his own, and very much like it.

"Did you smash Arri San?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"You want to know why? Because he had the damned impudence to meddle in my private affairs, that's why! D'you suppose I could n't keep an eye on my own son without the assistance of that young whippersnapper? D'you suppose I was going to let my own grandchild starve? He insulted me, right here in my own house, I tell you! He took away" — the old voice had been rising higher and higher, and suddenly it broke — "he enticed the only relative I've got in the world away from me, and left me here alone. I'm an old man, and I'm sick. I need a woman about the house. These damned servants! I hate 'em! And they hate me. It's lonely, I tell you, lonely. I swore I'd fix him, and I've been patient. For years my people have been after him, and at last he took the bait. The fool, trying to buck up against

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Simon Marriott!" He cackled. "I got him, and now I'll get you, my dear. I'll get you!"

"I think not," said Toya.

He paid no attention to her.

"Ho, I know women! No use for a man when his money's gone. And quite right, too. What is a man but his money? What's left of him in the end but his money? You'll be quite fond of your grandfather when he's dead, my girl! Come when you're ready — only don't wait too long. I'm getting old, getting old."

Toya's eyes glittered.

"Yes," she said slowly, "you are very old, and soon you will die. The sooner the better. It is true that men like you are their money. People want nothing from them but their money, and, when they die, nothing is left except a purse. Men like Arri San are their hearts. It was for me he wished to become rich, so that I should have balls, and jewels, and all the things that American ladies have. My ancestors are grateful to him; but you — you do not know the meaning of gratitude! In Japan people have shame if the care of their families must be left to strangers. You have no shame. If you had

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said to me that you needed me, I should have stayed, with gladness. It is woman's duty to care for the sick of her family; and I, too, have known loneliness. But now you are no longer my family, for I cleanse you from my hands even as you cleansed from your hands me and my father."

Quite breathless she went to the door. It was the longest speech she had ever made.

"Very dramatic," sneered the old man. "But has it ever occurred to you that Lansing might be rather glad to get rid of you now? Are you going to go on accepting his charity, now that you know his money is gone? Young women are expensive."

She stopped short, with a gasp. That aspect of the case had not presented itself to her.

"I shall no longer cost him money," she said, after a moment. "But I shall not leave him, because he needs me. He has said so."

She went down the stairs. Marriott hobbled after her with painful haste, calling:

"Here! Hold on! You've dropped the money."

"It is your money. I do not wish it," she answered.



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"Rot! A bargain's a bargain. I do happen to want the picture."

"I give it to you," said Toya grandly; and for the second time she closed the door of the Ogre's Castle behind her.

If she had looked back, she would have seen a pair of wistful eyes following her from an upper window; but she did not look back. Presently the dog Inu whined a little, and ventured to give his master's hand the lick of fellowship.

## CHAPTER XVI

**T**HE determination not to be a burden on Lansing took hold of Toya like an obsession. Her grandfather's sneering words had probed to an unsuspected depth of pride in her nature. Capable of passionate gratitude for the important things of life, such as kindness and affection, the girl had accepted such trifles as money, clothes, and food as unthinkingly as a young animal accepts its necessities.

Now, however, she felt acutely that her entire dependence on Lansing was a disgrace, not only to herself, but to her ancestors. She began to haunt the picture shops, trying without success to sell her father's water-colors; a failure that shook her belief in the artistic perception of America, but not at all in the ability of the artist. She also discovered that one meal a day, discreetly spread over three intervals, was sufficient to sustain life. Meanwhile, the second great idea resulting from her mother's ghostly counsel took slow shape in her brain.

Lansing noticed her increasing preoccupation,

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and reproached himself bitterly for the loss of her bloom and her sleek plumpness.

"It's this beastly heat," he thought miserably. "I ought to get her off to the seashore somehow — but she won't go without me, and I can't go. Oh, damn!"

One night at dinner, Toya unconsciously spoke aloud, continuing a conversation she had been holding with herself.

"But there is no geisha in America."

"We don't need a geisha, with the chorus and the roof-garden," smiled Lansing. "What are you thinking about, little girl?"

"In the chorus and the roof-garden, do ladies dance for money? I think I like to see that dancing — if we can afford."

"Of course we can afford," he said stoutly, although affairs had come to the pass where theater tickets were not to be regarded as trifles. "There are some Japanese jugglers at the St. James who might amuse you. We'll go to-night."

He reproached himself again for not having realized the child's need of recreation. No wonder she looked wan and peaked, shut up all day in a few stuffy rooms with no amusement to

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look forward to except the companionship of a man old enough to be her father.

The Japanese jugglers failed to interest her. Their tricks were old ones, many of them known to her and her playmate, O Bo Chan, years before in their childhood. Americans, she thought, were simple to be so easily befooled. She waited eagerly for the dancing. Presently a rather mature lady in tights bounded upon the stage, and was received by the audience with cheers of pleasure.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lansing. "Do you recognize our old friend, Coralie?"

Toya watched her antics with absorbed interest, while a scornful smile grew upon her lips. So this was what the American public called dancing, this leaping, this kicking, this gamboling about! It told no story, it brought no picture to the mind, it was, to say the least, unladylike; but it had the merit of being easy.

Toya later discovered that it was not as easy as she had thought. For several days, in the intervals of housework, she leaped, and kicked, and gamboled assiduously, until every muscle in her athletic little body ached, and her head swam with the unaccustomed exertion. Then, feeling

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that she was agile enough to satisfy the demands of the most exacting public, she set forth in search of her old acquaintance, Coralie.

This lady, who in private life rejoiced in the name of Hooligan, was fortunately at home at the address which Toya had no difficulty in obtaining from the St. James box office. She opened the door herself in response to Toya's ring, her costume of chiffons and laces revealing a certain superabundance of person which greatly interested Toya. When she was dressed for the stage, how did so much body get into so little clothing? She put the question politely, greatly to the amusement of an unseen gentleman within.

"Bring in your ingénue friend," he demanded. "Who is she?"

"Hanged if I know. But make yourself to home, dearie," said the lady cordially. "Have a high-ball — no? What are you after, anyway? An interview or a photo?"

"I wish," explained Toya, "to enter the roof-garden and become a dancing lady, like you. How shall I do this?" Her eye wandered over the bloated face and figure of the man, to pause reminiscently at his waistline. "You also have become very fat, Warwick San," she said.

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His elevated chair legs came to earth with a thump.

"Eh? Well, well! Also, tut, tut! Look who's here." He began to chuckle, an ugly, evil sound, which Toya remembered. "It's the little Jap devil again—Lansing's private imported *mousmé*. How'd you escape? Heard he had you shut up somewhere, nobody good enough to get a peep at you. Wise old Harry. Well, well! 'The Lord shall deliver mine enemy into my hand,' " he quoted piously, and chuckled again.

"She's in my hands, not yours. There's a difference," Miss Hooligan remarked succinctly. "What you want to do dancin' for, hon? Harry gives you plenty of money, don't he? Always was a free spender."

"Our elegant Harry," explained Warwick, "is no longer a free spender. He is done for, busted, rooned entirely. He has been bucking the stock-market."

"Say, ain't that a shame! He was always such a perfect gentleman, too," murmured Miss Hooligan. "So you've got to work, girlie. Well, what dancin' can you do?"

Toya gave her a condescending smile.

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"I am the daughter of Madame Thousand Joys," she said. "I dance more nicely than any lady in America."

"Hates herself, eh?" murmured the woman good-naturedly. "I'm from Missouri. Show me."

"Must I remove my outer clothing?"

An argument arose on the subject between the others which Toya found both irrelevant and silly. Tired of waiting, she lifted her skirts and deftly removed the cigarette from Warwick's lips with one toe. Then she pirouetted about the room in an exact imitation of Coralie herself, exchanging nods, and winks, and meaning smiles with an imaginary audience.

"You're all right! You're all right!" gasped Warwick, holding his sides.

Miss Hooligan's face was a study.

"Say, am I really as tough as that? How about the little Jap dance you used to do when you were a kid? It suits you better. Character dancin' 's newer than imitations, too. Here! Put on my kimono."

Toya, wearing a flamboyant garment that gave forth all the odors of Araby, showed them her mother's two most famous dances, the Willow

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in the Wind and the Bride Striving to Please Her Husband.

"Some day," said Coralie, "we're goin' to hear from you, my dear. I don't know what it is, 't ain't looks and 't ain't style — but there's something about you that's goin' to get the gallery, all right. Sure, I'll see that you have your chance. Fremstein eats out of my hand. I'll make him put you on at one of the roof-gardens right away — Jap music, tea-garden drop, all that sort of thing."

Toya's eyes glistened.

"And will he give me money at once? Much money, please! So that Arri San will not need to hunt for jobs — so that he shall stay at home and write books, and buy back his golden watch."

The woman's face softened beneath its paint.

"So that's the idea, eh? Want the money for him? Look here, girlie, it don't pay, that game. Why, I remember — grin if you like, Polly — but I remember the time when I'd 'a' worked my fingers to the bone for a man myself, slaved for him, and starved for him. But it don't pay. That ain't what they want from women like us, believe me! They make love to



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us, and they make promises, and perhaps they mean 'em, too — till one of these here good women comes along, the kind whose right hand don't know what the left hand's doin' — and then where are we?"

Toya looked at her vaguely, not understanding. It was so that the doctor in Washington had spoken to her.

"I've an idea," drawled Warwick, "that some day you'll find yourself rather in the way in the Lansing establishment, my dear. Harry has certain little plans in mind with which at present I have the misfortune to interfere. But I shan't interfere long," he added, grimly.

Toya turned her gaze on him, and knew what he meant. The swollen, chalky-white face, with puffs under the sunken eyes, and purple, distended veins, showed quite plainly that life was very nearly done with Paul Warwick. When he died, Lily would at last be free to marry Lansing. But if Lansing were already married to her, Toya — what then? Her hand went to her heart in an unconscious gesture of dismay.

"Oh, shut up, Polly!" murmured the woman. "Can't you see she's crazy about him?"

"In love with old Harry? Rot! It's always

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been one of these father and daughter affairs. I'll bet she looks upon him as a respected parent. Don't you, Toya?"

The candor of the girl's eyes was rather pathetic. She shook her head. Coralie put a protecting arm around her.

"You see? Look here. I'm not going to get mixed up in this. You stick to Harry, girlie. Believe in him all you can, and say your prayers if you know any. P'r'aps there are some decent men in the world — how should I know? Only you'd better keep off the stage. Trot along now. I got a date."

Toya was downcast. "Then you will not help me to become a dancer?"

"I will not!"

"Well, I will," said Warwick. "Always glad to help a girl earn an honest living."

The woman wheeled on him. "You! You 'help a girl earn an honest living'! Come, that's good. What you want is to get even with Lansing. I'm on! You're jealous of him — always were. You want to get his girl because he got —"

"That will do," interrupted Warwick in a low voice. "You will remember, please, that I do

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not permit you the same liberty of speech I permit myself."

For a moment, behind the leering, satyr mask of his face there was a glimpse of the gentleman. The woman saw it, and flushed.

"I do not think you will be able to stay with Lansing long, Toya," he said, kindly enough. "I may be mistaken, of course, but if you really wish to be independent of him I shall be very glad to help you. You always were a game little thing. Do you care to come with me?"

"Yes," said Toya.

"Then I'll come, too," muttered Coralie.

Warwick smiled. "Can't trust me with her, eh? Well, perhaps you're right," he said.

## CHAPTER XVII

**I**T seemed to Toya, wearing a fatly-stuffed purse against her heart as a talisman, that the world must be able to read her proud secret in her eyes. She marveled at Lansing's blindness. Each morning when he started off so blithely in the humiliating pursuit of fortune, she was tempted anew to run after him, crying: "Come back, Arri San! Do not trouble. Come back and be idle, as a gentleman should. Soon I shall be earning enough money for both of us."

But Warwick had strongly advised her to say nothing about her contract with the vaudeville manager until it was too late to withdraw from it. "Harry would n't stand for it, especially if he thought you wanted to help him. He's got the pride of the devil. I know, because I tried it on," said Warwick. "You'd suppose I'd insulted him! Would n't touch my money, would n't so much as look at it. Was n't good enough for him, I suppose," he added with a touch of bitterness. "He need n't have put on those airs with me!"

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Toya looked at him with an odd expression. "It was kind of you to offer money. I think that you also love Arri San a little," she said quietly, much to the man's embarrassment.

Instinct told her that he was right about Lansing. She had to content herself with paying several of their most pressing bills out of the money Fremstein, on a hint from Warwick, had paid her in advance. Meanwhile, Lansing noticed only that the girl's gayety had returned, multiplied a hundredfold. Her merry, pranking humor was infectious, and life at the apartment went with a swing and a dash, despite his gnawing anxiety. If this was the effect of one evening's amusement, he said to himself with remorse, there must be more amusement.

"I see that the St. James roof-garden is offering a particularly good bill next week," he remarked one day. "They are featuring a new dancer, a geisha fresh from Japan. Should you like to see her?"

It was with difficulty that she controlled the twitching of her lips. "If you wish," she replied indifferently. "Me, I care nothing for those Japanese. They are all ugly, like to me."

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He smiled at her kindly. "You are by no means ugly, my dear."

She wondered whether he could hear the sudden thumping of her heart.

One afternoon in the tiny *engawa* (where there was now a regular after-luncheon pipe as well as the post-prandial one), the current of sympathy in their silent handclasp took sudden hold of Lansing, and the mask of his cheerfulness dropped. He found himself consulting the girl as if she were his mother.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" he demanded ruefully. "Nobody will have me at any price. I've tried all sorts of people — editors, insurance men, brokers — nothing doing. One newspaper wanted reporters; these busy chaps that go nosing 'round in other people's affairs, asking you if it's true that your back teeth are filled with gutta percha — all that sort of thing. Sounds unpleasant, but easy enough, does n't it? They wanted to know what experience I'd had. Insulting, what? Experience! As if a fellow did n't have to begin somewhere! . . . I say, Toya, you don't suppose I'm too *old* to begin at things, do you?"

The vehemence of her denial comforted him.

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"Well, something's wrong. Hanged if I know what it is! Lately I've been trying my friends. I kept away from them at first, because — oh, well, I did n't care to bother them with my troubles. I need n't have worried. They were n't bothered." He smiled grimly. "Oh, they were pleasant enough, of course. Wanted to know when I was coming out to stop over Sunday, wanted to buy me drinks, wanted to lend me something to tide me over. But when I managed to make them understand that what I was after was a job, just plain job — why, they seemed to think it was a joke. They laughed at me!"

Toya giggled herself. Somehow Lansing, with the immaculate elegance of his gray flannels and the even more immaculate detachment and insouciance of his manner, was not convincing as one of the world's workers.

"There you go, laughing, too!" he complained. "What's the matter with me, anyway?"

"I think," decided Toya, her head critically on one side, "I think that your hairs are too smooth —" and she proceeded at once to remedy the defect. Ensued one of their old-time tussles, in the midst of which the doorbell rang. Lan-

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sing, rather blown and disheveled, went to answer it.

"Wait!" commanded Toya. "The good servant wears the apron, always."

Laughing, he submitted while she tied her own about his waist, her flushed, merry face close to his, her soft hair brushing his neck. The nearness of her filled him with a sudden warmth. He turned and caught her to him.

"You child!" he whispered. "You little, sweet child!"

Their lips met. . . .

The doorbell rang a second time, a third time.

"Arri San, please! We *must* answer," panted Toya, radiant. "Ah, let me go! Please! It is perhaps company."

"You fraud! When do we ever have 'company'? You simply want to get away."

"I do not want to get away," whispered Toya. . . .

The doorbell rang again, in a discouraged sort of way. Lansing at last went reluctantly to answer. On the threshold, unmistakable in spite of shrouding of veil and motor-coat, stood the graceful figure of Mrs. Warwick.

She came into the room with a certain hesi-



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tation, looking from one to the other. Toya was aware of a faint hostility in her manner, even as she ran forward to greet her.

"O Lily San! How you are welcome," she cried. "Please excuse that we kept you waiting. We did not guess that it was you."

"You were evidently busy," murmured Mrs. Warwick.

"We were — playing," answered the girl, with a shy glance at Lansing and a vivid blush.

The other threw back her veil, and Toya felt a thrill of the old delight. Her beauty was of the rare type that intensifies under the earlier frosts of time, growing each day more vivid, more significant, until the predestined moment of change; when lo! suddenly there is no beauty, only a gray dead emptiness, like the emptiness of a November landscape. This moment was still far from Lily Warwick, but it was near enough to endow her loveliness with a subtle, evanescent charm, such as one is aware of in the last golden days of Indian summer. The faintly hollowed oval of her cheek against its burnished background of hair, the still-virginal dewiness of her eyes, the scarlet lips, whose droop might have been discontented if it were not so wistfully

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sweet — these made their old appeal to the artist in Toya, who felt her own youth suddenly an awkward, crude, unlovely thing.

The homage of the girl's gaze was what Mrs. Warwick needed to restore her shaken composure. "How you have grown, dear!" she said, graciously. "Well, Harry?"

Lansing at last found his voice. "What in the world are you doing in town, Lily — and here?"

"I wanted to see you."

"But why — You should have let me come to you, somewhere!"

She gave him a look of reproach. "I was tired of waiting. Ah, don't be a prig, Harry, dear! Toya being here makes things quite proper. Besides, I've changed lately. What people think does n't seem as important as it used to, somehow. An improvement in my character, don't you think?"

He said with something of an effort, "There was no need of improvement. You say you want to see me about something? Toya, dear — perhaps Mrs. Warwick would like a bit of that excellent cake you gave me for luncheon."

Reproaching herself for thoughtlessness, the girl hurried hospitably into the kitchen. Both

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followed her with their eyes until the door closed.

"What a change!" murmured the woman. "What is it? Why, she's almost—" She turned to Lansing and held out her hands. "Harry!" Her voice had a note of pleading in it.

She hesitated a moment. Then he went over to her and lifted both hands to his lips.

"That's better," she said softly. "Then you are n't—cross with me any more? Do you know, for a moment—just a moment—I fancied you were n't quite glad to see me."

He looked uncomfortable. "I was surprised."

She laughed. "So I saw! I wanted to surprise you. I was afraid you might be a little angry with me for my last letter—the one about the Toya problem. You see, I was so disappointed not to have her. And then—perhaps I was a little jealous. But she is so absurdly young! It was ridiculous of me." Her gaze wandered about the rooms. "How pleasant it is here, so cool and different-looking! I've often wanted to see these new rooms of yours. But are n't they a little bare? What in the world has become of your rugs, and vases, and those lovely

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embroidered hangings? A Nankin jar of leaves, and one etching, and a bronze Buddha — dear me, Harry! Where is everything?"

"Toya keeps them put away — only lets me have a few goodies at a time, like a wise parent."

Mrs. Warwick was amused. "How economical of her! Saving wear and tear, I fancy. One hears of women who keep their shades drawn to prevent the carpet from fading, but Toya goes them one better."

He shrugged, and let it pass. A memory stopped the explanation on his lips — the memory of her own boudoir, all pink brocade, and down cushions, and deep carpets, and tables crowded with silver frames, and overflowing vases, and rose-shaded lights — everything very costly, and exuberant, and becoming. What was the use of explaining? It occurred to him, not for the first time, that his friend did not belong to the order of those who understand.

Her amusement changed to a sweet seriousness. "Harry, why would n't you come when I sent for you?"

"I was busy, very busy. I could n't leave town."

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"But you have never been busy before when I sent for you! Is it really true, then, that you've lost your money? Paul told me so."

"There was n't much to lose," he smiled.

"No — that's a comfort, of course. I'm so sorry, Harry, dear! Still," she added reproachfully, "it is n't like you to find your affairs more important than mine. I've telegraphed you twice. You promised to come whenever I needed you, no matter where you were nor what you were doing. You promised to be 'right there,' too. . . . You remember, that day in San Francisco?"

His face softened. "Of course! Have you really needed me, Lily? I thought Warwick was in town, and could n't be troubling you."

"That's just it!" Her eyes flashed. "He *is* in town — Harry, Paul's actually left me!"

"Good!" exclaimed Lansing. "Good!"

"Good? But the humiliation of it! Everybody talking, everybody wondering why I put up with it. I won't, that's all! Do you suppose I'm going to sit at home humbly waiting for the man, while he flaunts about in public with that chorus-girl of his, that Coralie? He's shamed and insulted me once too often. That is what I

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wanted to see you about. Harry, I mean to divorce him!"

"But — your religion!"

"I told you I'd changed. I'm not religious any longer. I have n't been to confession for years. I'm — I'm afraid to go."

"Nonsense, Lily!" He spoke sharply. He had begun to move restlessly about. "Don't be absurd, my dear girl! You've done nothing to be ashamed of. It was not your fault that I chose to fall in love with you, not your fault in the least. You've given me no encouragement."

"*Have n't I!*"

"Well, very little, then. Only when that beast was too unbearable, and I was too insistent. After all, we're human! My dearest Lily, you've done nothing you need be ashamed to confess to any man."

"Perhaps I've *done* nothing," she said slowly, "but the things I've thought! Why, for years I've been praying for my husband to die. Can you take that sort of thing to confession? Oh, don't talk to me about religion! I want my divorce. I tell you, I *want* it!" She put her white, caressing hands on his shoulders. "Can't you see, dear? I'm tired of waiting, tired.

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He 'll never die! And my youth is going. Look! There are gray hairs. . . . Why don't you say something? Why don't you tell me you are glad?" In her impatience she shook him, laughing a little, her eyes luminous with tears. "Oh, don't you see how I have changed?"

He saw, indeed. This was no longer the far, unattainable object of his romantic devotion, but a warm and glowing woman, his for the taking. And he could not take her. He stood with arms hanging, hating himself. In the next room he heard the hurrying feet of the child who trusted him, whose shy kisses he still felt upon his lips.

"Lily," he said brokenly, "we have to think of her now — Toya."

She drew back as if he had struck her. Then she came close to him again, and the clinging hands met about his neck. "I knew you were thinking of her, I knew it! You chivalrous, soft-hearted goose! Why, what is Toya to you and me? A little stray, whom you took in out of charity, just as you have always adopted lost dogs and worthless servants! Send her back where she belongs — or, if you like, we will keep her with us. It does n't matter. I'm not afraid. . . . Look at me! Do you realize what I'm

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giving up for you? My good name, wealth. . . . You are poorer than ever now, but somehow it does n't matter. I shan't mind trimming my hats and making my gowns again — for you. I *want* to work for you, dearest!" If a comforting thought of alimony flashed through her brain, it must be remembered that natures do not change in a moment, even under the stress of quite genuine emotion.

"Lily, don't!" he said miserably. "I'm afraid the little thing — cares for me."

"Of course she does. Who would n't? But she's a mere child. It won't last. Whereas with me" — she gave a little frightened laugh — "at my age, one does n't get over things. No, no! You've made promises to me, too, and mine come first. I will not let you go! Harry, tell me that you are glad!"

She drew his face down to hers. The door behind him had opened. As she kissed him, she was aware of startled young eyes from which the radiance suddenly vanished, as if a light burning behind them had been taken away.

Toya came forward with her tray of refreshments.

"There you are! We were just talking about  
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you," said Lansing, nervously. "Mrs. Warwick wanted to know when we are to be married. I told her —" There was an instant's pause. "I told her," he went on lightly, "that it was purely a question of finance. We shall be married as soon as I can scrape together enough money for a ring, and a license, and a wedding-journey."

"And I was giving him my blessing!" Mrs. Warwick's pretty laugh rippled out. "Harry as a bread-winner and a family-man — is n't it too absurd? But I must run. I came into town with some friends to do a little shopping, and they will be wondering what's become of me. No, don't trouble to put me into the taxi. Really, I'd rather not — the apron is n't quite suitable for a public appearance, Harry, dear, though it makes a charming domestic picture."

"She did not eat of my cake," said Toya, blankly.

Lansing did not hear. He stood at the window, watching a taxicab out of sight.

## CHAPTER XVIII

IT was the following afternoon that Lansing, hurrying home with a champagne bottle tucked democratically under one arm and a box of candy under the other, missed Toya's watching face at the window.

"Of course, I'm earlier than usual," he thought.

Whistling, he ran up the stairs two at a time, and burst into the apartment.

"Great news, kiddie!" he cried. "It's all right at last. *Thompson's Magazine* has accepted every one of my articles on 'Life in the Orient,' and offered me a place on the staff to boot. Excelsior! The strange part is that *Thompson's* belongs root and branch to the august ancestor. Joke on him, eh? Hello! Where are you?"

He was staring into an empty kitchen; nor did Toya run to greet him from any of the other rooms. Then he saw that the table was set for one, very daintily, even to the vase of flowers beside the plate. Across the napkin lay a note:

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All cold things are in the box of ice, all hot things are in the stove's warmer. I have prayed to the saints that they be not dried beyond eating. When you have eaten, you will find me at the roof-garden where is the Japanese dancing girl.

He reread the note, puzzled and uneasy. Evidently she had gone to dinner and theater with friends; but what friends? So far as he knew, she had not an acquaintance in New York. Certainly he had not provided her with any. The poor little thing had evidently, in her loneliness, struck up an acquaintance with some of the neighbors, concealing the fact from him with a characteristic Oriental duplicity which for the first time troubled him. Toya's tastes were so incurably democratic. Not even the snobbery of a girls' boarding school had managed to imbue her with a sense of class distinctions.

He hurried through his dinner with little appetite — possibly because the saints had neglected it, petitions to the contrary notwithstanding — and was the first person to arrive at the roof-garden, where he took a seat near the entrance to watch for Toya.

When the curtain rose, she had not yet arrived. Through several turns he watched the doors, in-

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creasingly uneasy. Presently the orchestra's attempt at Japanese music drew his attention to the stage, which was set as a tea garden. From a pagoda at one side fluttered a little figure that was strangely familiar. She made deep obeisance, striking her forehead upon the ground; cast a coquettish, frightened glance around the audience; and the fan began to hover about her swaying body as a butterfly hovers about a flower before it lights.

Lansing, with an exclamation, sprang to his feet. So it was that Toya, smiling desperately into that sea of curious, strange faces, found at last the face she had been looking for. At once the stiffness vanished from her body, and she danced for Lansing as she had often danced before, putting all her heart into the story of the Bride Striving to Please Her Husband.

True to Coralie's prophecy, Toya "got the gallery." They recalled her again and again. She came into the wings at last, rather bewildered by the thunderous rhythm of the applause behind her. Several of the performers, waiting their turns, crowded around her, Coralie among them, generous with their congratulations to the newcomer. She pushed her way through them, anx-

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ious to reach Lansing beyond. A little, smiling man stopped her, bowing profusely. She recognized him as one of the Japanese jugglers whom she had seen before.

"Many are the years which have passed over us, O Toya San," he was saying, in the tongue she never heard except in dreams, "and you have, perhaps, forgotten the unworthy face of your playmate, the son of the servant of your honorable and never-to-be-forgotten mother —"

A vision came to her with his words of the garden in Kamioko, the cherry tree, the waterfall, the cage of fireflies.

"I give you welcome, O Bo Chan," she said, as one in a dream.

She looked beyond him eagerly, half expecting to see the faces of her mother and the serving woman. For the moment it did not seem strange that her people should have come from the past to greet her in her hour of triumph. But the frowning, cold face of Lansing brought her back to the present.

"Arri San! Why do you look so angry?" she cried, running to him. "Were you not pleased with the dancing? You did not cry, 'Go it, Toya!' I listened for that."

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"Wash that paint off your face and come home," he said sternly.

He would have found it difficult to explain his anger. Somehow Toya, in the atmosphere of the footlights, her childlike face smeared with rouge, her innocent coqueties the bought property of a leering public — it seemed to him a profanation of something very precious, which he resented with every fiber of his nature.

"But look!" In her eagerness to placate him, she drew the warm little purse from her bosom and thrust it into his hand. "I have earned money for us, much money!"

There was a slight titter from the group near them. She shrank suddenly from the look in his eyes. Meekly as a dog that has been whipped, she followed him from the scene of her triumph. At the door she passed close to the little juggler, who murmured, with a cautious eye on Lansing: "I come at your house to-morrow?"

"Yes," whispered Toya, and gave him the address.

In the privacy of the cab, Lansing's wrath exploded. He accused her of duplicity, of immodesty, of lack of consideration for him.

"Lily's right — there's something in inheri-

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tance," he said bitterly. "You've got your mother's instinct for pleasing men. I ought to have watched you more carefully. Think of the absurd position you've put me in before my friends! How that grandfather of yours will sneer when he hears that, after all my fine promises to take care of you, I was n't able to keep you from going on the stage! A dancing-girl, of all things!"

"Is it then a sin to dance, in America?" asked Toya timidly. "I have danced for you many times, also at the convent."

"That's very different." He was rather at a loss to explain his position. "This time you were dancing professionally, for money."

"Of course! You need money."

"My dear girl," he said, exasperated, "I assure you that I am quite able to take care of myself, and of you, too, without any assistance."

She lifted her head eagerly.

"Arri San! Then you have found that job?"

He flushed. Her evident relief was a trifle humiliating. Lansing's pride had grown rather sensitive in the past few weeks. He explained to her as briefly as possible his position with *Thompson's Magazine*.

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"So you will have nothing to do but write books," she cried joyfully. "How that is nice! And this magazine belongs to my grandfather?"

"Yes. But, of course, he knows nothing about my appointment."

In the darkness of the cab, Toya permitted herself a small smile. She had a shrewd suspicion that her grandfather knew a great deal about this appointment, and had taken this way of showing that he was not entirely devoid of shame and gratitude. So, after all, Lansing was not as well able as he thought to take care of himself without her assistance. It was a comforting reflection. Upon consideration, Toya re-adopted Simon Marriott into her family.

They rode for a while in silence, Lansing beginning to be a trifle ashamed of himself, Toya steadily thinking.

"It is the money which makes dancing a sin, and you no longer need money," she said at last. "Therefore —" Just in time Lansing prevented her from throwing her purse out of the window.

"Oh, no! You can't undo mistakes as easily as that," he said grimly. "I shall return that money to Fremstein in the morning — what's



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left of it. I suppose you have spent a good deal?"

"Yes," admitted Toya humbly.

"I thought so. How women do make the money fly!" sighed Lansing, who had never been out of debt in his life. "Fremstein made you sign some sort of contract, I suppose? Well, it'll cost the contents of that purse, and a good deal more, to break it."

Toya stared at him, dumb with sudden misery. The tears that would not come ached in her throat and jaws. She had tried to earn money for him, and she was costing more money! She had tried to please him, to make him happier, and she had shamed him before the world!

"You see, Miss Marriott, this little experiment of yours bids fair to be a costly one. Suppose, hereafter, you apply for advice to me instead of to people like Warwick and our friend, Miss Hooligan, eh? When we are married, I hope you'll remember that a good little wife does nothing without first consulting her husband."

"Arri San," said Toya slowly, "why should we marry?"

"Eh? Why, don't you want to?"

"Oh, yes! But who am I that you should

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marry me? I do nothing that is right. I should shame you. Keep me with you to serve you, to amuse you. I cannot go away, I cannot! But do not marry me. Arri San, do you know that the husband of Lily will soon die?"

He flushed.

"What has that to do with our marrying? See here!" He looked at her with quick suspicion. "When Mrs. Warwick came to see me yesterday, did you hear anything?"

"I saw," she replied simply.

His flush deepened. "You had no business to!" He spoke gruffly in his embarrassment. "Do not meddle in other people's affairs. With Mrs. Warwick's you have no concern whatever—I told you I should marry you as soon as I was able to. Will to-morrow suit you?"

"Y-yes," she faltered.

"Very well, then. And let me hear no more nonsense about unworthiness. You're giving a lot more than you're getting. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Arri San," she said humbly, cowering from the harshness of his voice.

Yet through her new fear of Lansing ran a

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strange, delicious thrill. So should a man speak to his woman. This was no longer the friend whom she had nursed and guarded with a devotion more than half maternal. This was her master.

## CHAPTER XIX

**T**HREE o'clock of the following afternoon found Toya at her window, stiffly erect in her freshly laundered graduation gown, waiting to be married. Lansing had promised to come for her at four o'clock, the fashionable hour for summer weddings, as he assured her airily. He was in high good humor that morning.

"I am now the honest workingman," he said. "I really ought to take my lunch with me in a tin bucket." Whereat Toya, somewhat to his dismay, had prepared him a large package of sandwiches.

All day long the apartment had been redolent of cooking; also of sizzling hair; for Toya had no intention of going to her wedding with the straight, unlovely locks of everyday. It was her first experience with the curling iron. She surveyed the resulting effect with complacency.

"It is true that I am not beautiful," she thought, "but how I am stylish!"

From time to time she cast an eye of pride

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upon the wedding table. It groaned with delicacies; wines, fish, and rice in the Japanese fashion, a large cake in the American fashion, peanut brittle, pâté de foie gras, dill pickles, everything that might add to the pleasure of the guests. For, of course, there would be guests, though Lansing had not mentioned them. Who ever heard of a wedding without guests?

Nor were her preparations for marriage entirely material. As she went happily about her tasks, she crooned to herself at intervals what she could remember of the *Onna Daigaku*, the "Whole Duty of Woman."

More precious in a woman is a virtuous heart than a face of beauty. The vicious woman's heart is ever excited; she glares wildly around her, she vents her anger on others, her words are harsh, her accents vulgar. When she speaks it is to set herself up above others, to upbraid others, to envy others, to be puffed up with individual pride, to jeer at others, to outdo others; all things at variance with the way a woman should walk. The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness.

She varied the *Onna Daigaku* with occasional petitions to Heaven, notably to Kishi Bojin, protectress of little children, which it is to be hoped the gods did not find indelicate.

Now as she sat waiting, all her tasks done, her

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lips continued to murmur the *Onna Daigaku*, quite independent of her thoughts. Chief among the emotions that flooded her was gratitude, a very humble and adoring gratitude, that Lansing should have been willing to take her for his wife, in spite of her many sins, her crude youth, her immodest and unwomanly behavior of the night before. To marry her, when by a little waiting, he might have married Lily! Toya feared that she was in danger of becoming even as the vicious woman, "puffed up with individual pride."

Presently the musical, half-forgotten words on her lips stirred memories in her mind. It seemed to her that she was a little child again, crouching on her heels beside her mother, learning the ancient wisdom word by word as Madame Thousand Joys had learned it from her own mother. The street noises without, the smell of hot asphalt blowing in, were lost in the sound of distant temple bells, and the fragrance of a cherry tree in bloom. Near by, a square little boy with a shaven poll stood spinning a top, waiting for her. There was her father, too, listening and smiling, and coughing. She even heard his voice, faint and hoarse, speaking to the

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missionary gentlemen who had come up from Tokyo to investigate the condition of his soul. "Is my daughter a Christian? My dear sir, how should I know? But she is a good little *Bushi*, and that's as much as Christ would ask of any of us."

"Oh, Kishi Bojin!" prayed the girl suddenly. "Deign to grant that all of my babies shall be as fat and as happy as that baby Toya!"

The doorbell startled her from her dreams. It was nearly four o'clock. Doubtless the wedding guests were arriving. She opened the door to a little man in a black-and-white checked suit, who looked about cautiously, and murmured:

"The august lord of the house is absent? Then will I enter."

It was O Bo Chan. Toya greeted him with delight.

"You have come in answer to my thoughts!" she said.

For a while conversation languished. They sat opposite to each other, filling the pauses in speech with polite smiles, each taking furtive note of the changes in the other. Chan desired to impress this Americanized young lady with his qualities as man of the world. He made elabo-

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rate remarks in English, he fingered the diamond in his rainbow tie, he brought the extreme brilliance of his patent leathers into prominence. Toya instituted unwilling comparisons, and found her old playmate, by contrast with Lansing, very small, and yellow, and a trifle absurd.

"Your honorable mother still lives?" she inquired courteously.

"She unworthily continues to exist. I am purchase for family the house belonging at never-to-be-forgotten Marriott, your parent. I" — he mentioned modestly — "being most rich, prominent citizen."

"How that is nice! But you dwell in America?"

This he denied with scorn.

"America home of pigs and fools," he said.

He was even then preparing to return to his native Kamioko, where he intended to purchase a tea house with many geisha, and to conduct it with certain American innovations, such as vaudeville. He commented, with a certain gleam in his eye that suggested cupidity, upon Toya's dancing.

"It is even as the dancing of your august mother, she whom Japan never ceases to lament," he said.



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Toya sighed.

"To dance in America is immodest and unwomanly. I shall not dance again."

"Your man does not allow that you dance for other men? That is but natural," commented O Bo Chan.

Conversation continued to languish. The juggler's small eyes, roaming curiously about, rested at length upon the wedding table in the next room, and withdrew themselves with difficulty. Toya saw, and her instinct of hospitality suffered; but was it possible to partake of the wedding supper before the wedding? In desperation, she bethought herself suddenly of the little ivory fish she had bought for her playmate so many years ago, on her first venture into the world.

His childish delight in the toy broke down the barrier of strangeness between them. After all, he was still only a boy. Soon they were chattering together, both at once, like children. He told her of his education by the missionary who had come to see her father; of his subsequent travels with a troupe of jugglers; of the fortune he was making simply by amusing the pigs and fools of America with his tricks.

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"Soon I shall be more rich as the great prince, your grandfather," he boasted.

Toya in turn yielded to the temptation to do a little modest bragging, chiefly on the subject of Lansing. The riches of her grandfather were as nothing compared with the riches he was about to earn; in all America, and Japan as well, was no man as learned, no author as famous; beautiful women of all nations flung themselves at his feet, and yet he had chosen to take her, Toya, for his wife.

"He arrives at four o'clock for that purpose," she concluded in triumph.

Chan's eyes were rather skeptical.

"The august gentleman makes but a tardy bridegroom," he murmured, gently smiling. It was true. Toya had for some time been uneasily aware of the growing lateness of the hour.

When dusk began to fall, the Japanese, with a last reluctant glance at the wedding table, prepared to leave. Toya's racial hospitality was incapable of allowing a guest to depart in hunger.

"Deign to partake of food," she said, stifling a sigh. "Arri San will not wish that we wait longer."

Nothing loath, the little man seated himself

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and made large inroads upon the wedding feast, Toya waiting upon him assiduously as became a female. It seemed to her that she had gone back, a grown woman, to her childhood. The wine she pressed upon him did away with the last vestige of constraint between them. His eyes began to follow her with candid favor. Toya, listening with preoccupied ears for a certain step upon the stairs, became aware that he was murmuring in Japanese certain pleasantries which deserved a more careful hearing.

"The face of you is more fair than the face of the young moon in heaven, O Toya San. Your smile is like to the shining of the sun upon still waters. Your body is like to the swaying body of a slender sapling tree, O Toya San. When you dance, gladly would I throw upon the ground my heart for your little feet to tread upon, O Toya San —"

"He speaks love to me," thought the girl. "It is very pleasant."

Emboldened by her grateful smiles, he continued:

"This tardy bridegroom, this elderly pig of America, who is he that he keeps for himself alone a woman such as you? Who is he that

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he dares to speak in anger to the daughter of the noble Marriott? Me, I am young, I am handsome, never do I speak in anger to my females. Come, O Toya! Your dancing shall make famous the tea garden of Kamioko even as Thousand Joys made famous the tea house of the Rising Moon. From all Japan great lords shall come to gaze upon you and desire, even as I gaze upon you and desire. Come! O Toya San, have you not often in your heart a longing for the ways of your own people?"

The girl listened dreamily. It seemed to her that this soft voice was the voice of her people calling to her from far away. She sighed when he ceased speaking. Not until he rose and approached her with outstretched hands did she awake from the spell.

"I think," she said, backing away and gently laughing, "I think that the honorable Chan is *yota*."<sup>1</sup>

But, long after he was gone, the words of his love-making stayed with her and comforted her. They kept at bay for a while the shame that was crowding pride and hope out of her breast.

When the late summer darkness had closed in,

<sup>1</sup> Intoxicated.

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so that she could no longer watch the slow hands of the clock, Toya rose and began to clear away what remained of the wedding feast. Then a messenger came with a hastily-penciled note from Lansing.

Don't wait dinner for me, little girl. Am detained by a very sick friend. Don't know when I can get away.

HARRY.

Hope revived in her breast, and she resumed her watch by the window, wondering how late at night weddings could be performed. She was very tired and hungry, for the day had been too busy to permit of eating. She still sat stiffly upright, for fear of crumpling her wedding-dress; but a breeze from the sea came in at her window presently, filling the room with softly-blown fragrance of mignonette and nasturtium from the flower-boxes; touching the frizzled hair as gently as a mother's hand. It might have been the garden at Kamioko. . . .

Lansing found her there some hours later, her head on the sill, a happy little smile on her lips.

"Why, child! Why are n't you in bed?" he exclaimed.

She started up. "Are they arriving?"

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“Who?”

“The guests.”

He thought she was still dreaming. “Go to bed, dear. It’s late. Poor Warwick would n’t let me go before. It’s some sort of stroke. The Hooligan woman — Coralie, you know — had him taken to her apartment instead of to a hospital. Mistaken kindness, of course. They sent for me; why, I can’t imagine. He seemed to want me round. I could n’t desert him — he’s dying.”

Toya’s face sharpened. “O Lily San now becomes a widow,” she said, slowly.

“Yes — he wanted to see her, poor chap! But of course she could n’t very well go to him there.”

“Why not?”

He evaded the question. “Sorry to have kept you up. Why, how dressy you are to-night! And what in the world have you done to your pretty, smooth hair?”

“Will you eat, Arri San?” she asked, quietly.

“No, thanks. Have n’t much appetite after my experience with poor Warwick. What a magnificent cake you’ve made! I’ll sample that to-morrow. Good-night, dear.”

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"*Oyasumi nasi*," she replied. To herself she repeated dully, "O Lily San now becomes a widow. It is no wonder he forgot his wedding-day."

But later he remembered. "By George, how infernally careless of me! Hope the little thing was not disappointed. That accounts for the elaborate dress, and the cake. A wedding-cake — by George!"

Smitten with compunction, he tiptoed to the door of her room. All was still. Toya, her head pillowed on his old coat, lay staring into the darkness, facing her shame with steady eyes.

"Sound asleep! She could n't have taken it much to heart, then," thought Lansing, much relieved. "I'll make it all right with her in the morning."

But in the morning, Toya was gone.

## CHAPTER XX

OUT of her long night's vigil an idea had been born. Toward dawn she got up quietly and dressed herself. If Mrs. Warwick became a widow Lansing would of course marry her. She remembered Warwick's insinuation, she remembered Lansing's own mutterings in the delirium of his fever. It was the solution of his trouble which Toya herself had often urged upon the consideration of the gods and the saints. Now, however, a thought of self intruded. If they married, what would become of her? Instinct told her that such an event would crowd her out of the equation entirely. Her face paled with fright. If Warwick died —

"Ho! Then he shall not die," she said to herself, sturdily.

The Washington doctor had said that she was a born nurse, that her care alone had saved Lansing. It must also save Warwick.

Out into the gray street she hastened, where sparrows were already voluble about the busi-



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ness of the day; for in this era of acute competition the metropolitan sparrow is hard put to it to earn a living. "I have brought you no crumbs this morning," she said to them in apology, — Toya was very intimate with the sparrows. "You will excuse, because I am in sorrow."

She hurried through the deserted city, almost running for fear Death would reach her destination first. The door was opened to her by Coralie, a demoralized, disheveled Coralie, with blondined hair hanging about her shoulders, and cheeks in whose perennial bloom grief had plowed unsightly furrows.

"Gee, I thought you was her!" she said incoherently. "Hear him in there, fightin' for breath! Ain't it fierce? And the look in his eyes — like a lost dog. Keeps callin' for his wife. Sure, I sent for her, first thing. She's in town. Lansing talked to her himself — always was a decent sort, Harry. But she ain't comin'. . . . Say, you go in and tell him she's on the way. I dassent lie to him any more. Besides, he don't want me round now. He wants her — poor old Polly! He's opened his last wine." She broke into loud Irish weeping.

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Propped high among pillows, facing the door, his glazed eyes fastened upon it with the anxious, groping look one sees in the eyes of the newly-blind, Paul Warwick sat, waiting for his wife. Toya's heart sank at the sight of him. She knew that she had come too late.

He heard the door open, and his face grew eager. "Lily?" he gasped. His purple lips hung open, each breath he drew seemed about to burst his chest. "Lily?" he repeated, less hopefully.

Toya was white with pity. It suddenly occurred to her that the rôle of Lily Warwick was one with which she was quite familiar. Without hesitation, she went close to him and slipped her warm little hand into his. "Yes," she whispered, as she had often whispered to Lansing. "Sleep now!"

A great light came over his face. "You see!" he said triumphantly to the world at large. "You see —"

Presently, with terrible effort, he got out a few more words. "Made mess of things — sorry. If you had cared — children. No matter now — happy with Lansing. Fine fellow — money —"

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His features began to twist. "You'd better go now," said the nurse, quickly. "Another convulsion's coming. They're terrible to watch."

But Toya had no idea of going. She held fast to the clutching hand, closing her eyes that she might not see. When Warwick was still again, there was no strength left for speech, but the blind eyes groped for her gratefully, appealingly.

Toya knew what he wanted. She shuddered with loathing. At best Warwick had been to her a repulsive creature, and now this twitching, livid face sickened her very soul. But she played her rôle to the end. Bending over, she kissed him, warmly and kindly, as she thought a wife would kiss her husband to give him courage for a long journey.

As she went out into the street again, she heard the woman Coralie keening, as her race keen their dead.

Not far away, Lansing met her. "Why, Toya! Where have you been? I was worried. No, I cannot go back for breakfast. I've just time to stop on my way to the office to inquire for poor Warwick."

"He is dead."

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"Dead! What, were you there? I might have known it! Did Lily come?"

She shook her head.

"And you had no business going there, either! It is no place for ladies."

"Why?"

He hesitated. "Because Coralie is not a good woman," he said, quietly.

"I think," commented Toya, "I like bad women better than ladies. They are more kind."

After she had passed, he called, "Oh, by the way, I'm sorry to have disappointed you about the wedding yesterday, dear. Of course I did n't forget — have the ring and the license right here in my pocket. But under the circumstances, I suppose we'd better wait a while. The Warwicks are such old friends of mine, you know. A wedding right on top of his death would look rather heartless. You understand, don't you?"

"Ho, yes," said Toya, with a queer little smile. "I understand."

That was a red-letter day in the annals of the neighborhood sparrows. They feasted upon crumbled wedding-cake.

Weeks passed, during which it seemed to Toya that Lansing avoided her, coming and going with

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a preoccupied air that did not encourage questioning. But Toya was not tempted to question. She knew that Mrs. Warwick was in town.

Lansing rarely came home for luncheon, and in the evening the *engawa* knew him no more. Toya seized the occasion of her frequent loneliness to improve her mind; for it had sometimes occurred to her that Lansing might not find the quality of her conversation sufficiently intellectual. She took note of all the books he read, and plodded faithfully after him. It must be confessed that she found them rather heavy going. It is difficult to improve the mind when the heart is aching; also when the September moon is abroad, flooding with pure romance even the roofs and chimney-pots of Gotham.

People in sorrow often make the discovery, if they are of the sort who make discoveries, that the need of sympathy tightens in some curious psychic way the bond between man and his fellows. The time of secret trouble is the time when letters come from friends who have long been silent; when half-forgotten acquaintances drop in from across the world to make a visit; when unexpected gifts, and invitations, and friendly advances from strangers, go to prove

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that the brotherhood of man is a stronger tie than love or blood-kinship.

Toya would have said that she was quite alone in the world, except for Lansing. But she was mistaken. There was O Bo Chan; and there was also, waiting on her threshold one day, with a collar that held his head aloft like a too-tight check-rein, and a fragrance of Jockey Club perfume that advertised his presence through a thick oaken door — there was also Mr. Terence Shea.

Toya greeted him with pleasure mixed with compunction, for she had forgotten his existence. With her native tact, she led the way to the kitchen. "You will excuse if I continue to prepare dinner?" she asked. "It is near the time for Arri San to arrive."

"Sure! This is what I call real homelike. There's somethin' about a parlor," he admitted candidly, "that gives me the creeps. Makes you think of funerals." He slipped on the polished floor, and recovered himself at the expense of a Satsuma vase. "Glory! Look what I've went and done. Busted a vase on you! Never mind. I'll send you another one twicet as big. When I get married," he added, reddening, "there ain't

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again' to be no bare floors in my house — nothing but genuwine Brussels carpets, with roses on 'em as big as cabbages."

"How that will be nice," said Toya politely. "You are about to marry, Mr. Terenshay?"

"I'm thinkin' of it," he admitted coyly, now of a violent crimson. "Here, gimme them spuds to peel. Sure, I know how! 'T ain't no job for them pretty little hands of yourn. When I get married," he added sententiously, "me wife will niver so much as lay finger to a spud. She'll have her a hired girl to do it." He paused for this announcement to sink in.

Toya, with her usual avidity for flattery, had detected the compliment in his speech. "You think my hands are small and pretty? Ah, but you should see the hands of O Lily San!"

"I would n't so much as look at 'em." Shea seized his opportunity by the throat. "What eyes have I got for the hands of another woman? 'T is yours I been thinkin' of and wishin' for, ochone! The sound of your little feet about the house, the swate, pretty laugh of you — 'T is a weary time since you went away, my dear, and me near breakin' me heart belavin' ye the wife of another man." He leaned toward her, drop-

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ping the potatoes. "'T was the doc that told me the truth of it. One day he sez to me, sez he, 'Shea, if I ain't mistaken, you was in love with that little Jap girl,' he sez. 'Then why the devil don't you do somethin' for her? She's good, good clear through,' he sez. 'Don't I know that?' sez I. 'But what in hell can I do? She's got a husband, ain't she?' 'No,' sez he, flat like that. 'She ain't!'"

The man's eyes were beautiful with tenderness. "Did he spake truth, my girl? Are ye *not* the wife of Mr. Lansing?"

Toya shook her head.

"Thank God, and damn him!" cried Shea, springing to his feet. "Then I'll take you."

She backed away from him, startled. Instantly his hands dropped.

"Ah, don't be afraid of me! Sure I don't blame you for shrinkin' away from a man — but not me, Toya! Niver think I'd be throwin' annything up to you. What's a man, to be throwin' things up to a girl — a little, helpless furriner at that? And I'll see to it that nobody else throws it up to ye, neither — trust me!" He doubled up his great fist. "Whatever ye've done, you're too good for the likes of me. 'T is



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proud I'll be to have you for me wife, and proud the old mother will be. She bid me say to you for her, 'Come back with Terry, acushla, come back! There's room in my house for ye, and room in my heart.' Will you come?"

She looked at him, her mouth quivering. She was very sensitive to kindness. It occurred to her that this was the solution of her problem, this the haven to which she could turn when Lansing married and had no further use for her. But it also occurred to her that those soft blue eyes were asking, begging for something that she could never give.

As if reading her thoughts, he said, "I'm not askin' you to love me — not yet. I'm a rough, plain man, and you been used to the ways of gentlemen. But I'll do somethin' for you that the gentlemen will not, damn them! I'll make an honest woman of you. The business is doin' elegant, too," he added eagerly. "I'm full partner with me uncle. There ain't no mortgage on the little house, neither. We'd be snug as bugs in a rug there, you and me, in that room with the parrots — remember? I niver look at them parrots that I don't think of you," he sighed. "And when the phonograph starts playin' the

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'Merry Widow' — why, me heart fair busts with its longin'."

Toya could not trust her voice; yet the pleading in those honest eyes had to be answered, somehow. She opened her dress and showed him the gloves she wore against her heart. The gesture was eloquent.

"So," he said, after a moment, "you love him! And would, I'm thinkin', if he beat and kicked you all over the place. Women are that quare! But sometimes they get over it," he added, wistfully, "specially when the childher come. I'd — I'd be willin' to take a chance."

"But," said Toya, with a quivering smile, "I do not wish to get over it, Mr. Terenshay."

"Then I'll be goin'," he said, heavily. Toya had to run after him with his coat.

In the hall below he met a gray-flanneled figure, who stopped and held out his hand with a cordial greeting. Shea brushed aside the hand, and went blindly on. Lansing stared after him, astonished.

"Whom do you suppose I saw just now, Toya?" he reported. "Your pal, the bartender, magnificent in electric-blue serge and blond spats. And he declined to speak to me! Fact. Simply

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wafted by in a cloud of perfume." He chuckled. "That accounts for the odor of Jockey Club that haunted my delirium. It was Shea!"

He paused abruptly. Toya was facing him for the first time in anger, her eyes glittering. "Do not dare to laugh at Mr. Terenshay! Do not dare!"

Lansing's eyebrows went up. "But, my dear girl! I allow myself the privilege of laughing at whom I choose, myself included. Why should the person of the bartender be thus sacred?"

"He is my friend!"

"Oho! I begin to see," murmured Lansing, after an astonished pause. "The impudence of him! Well, my dear, that is a very good recommendation for any man. I beg your pardon."

## CHAPTER XXI

**A**S for O Bo Chan, the little juggler considered the playmate of his childhood a heaven-sent discovery. Despite his lofty, man-of-the-world attitude, the ways of America were to him appallingly strange and unhomelike. With Toya he lost the unflattering sense of smallness and unlikeness which often beset him in the company of foreigners. The society of a properly-mannered, humble Japanese female restored him to his fitting proportions as a man. Moreover, in the house of Lansing food, wine, and tobacco were to be had without the asking, a fact which appealed strongly to his Japanese instincts of frugality.

The freedom which was allowed this pleasant female went also to O Bo Chan's head. He was permitted to come and go as he chose, to sit alone with her for hours at a time, even to appear beside her in the public thoroughfares. Only one interpretation of such liberty was possible to the Oriental mind. The American was weary of her. He no longer wanted her. Encouraged

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by the thought, the little juggler, who stood somewhat in awe of Lansing's shoulders, pursued his love-making unalarmed; and gradually a plan, which had dimly suggested itself when he first saw her dancing, matured in his shrewd, small brain.

Native tact saved him from the mistake of startling her a second time, and his growing ardor, couched in humble and musical Japanese, was very soothing to Toya's pride. She no longer giggled at his entreaties. Sometimes, listening with closed eyes to his gentle speech, she almost forgot the littleness and the yellowness of this youth whose people were her people.

Once Lansing, coming home unexpectedly to luncheon, found the Japanese there. Some curious instinct of secrecy had kept Toya from mentioning the presence in New York of her old playmate. When the identity of the visitor was explained, Lansing shook hands with him heartily and urged him to come often. The juggler's glance at Toya said plainly, "What fools are these Americans!" But he replied, bowing repeatedly, that it would be impossible to avail himself of such magnificent hospitality, as he was preparing to start at once across the conti-

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nent on his way to Japan. At the door he murmured to Toya, "I come same time to-morrow?" To which Toya nodded, with a giggle.

"Where in the world did you discover the playmate, and why have you never told me about him?" asked Lansing.

She hesitated. "I had fear that you would laugh."

"No, no! Hereafter I shall treat your friends with due reverence. I've had my lesson. By the way, what was he saying to you so earnestly as I came in — something about 'hair like to the soft shadows of night'? A poetic sort of chap, eh?"

"He was speaking love to me."

"Oh, was he?" Lansing chuckled, and shook a reproving finger at her. "I'm afraid, my dear, that you are something of a flirt. The doctor, the bartender, and now Chan! It's just as well the little chap's going away so soon. Shall you miss him?" he asked, suddenly curious.

Toya raised candid eyes to his. "You know that I shall miss nobody, if I have you."

With a little murmur he drew her to him. Her heart beat fast. But he did not kiss her. He only laid his cheek on her hair.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"Have n't had much of me lately, have you, little girl? We'll make up for lost time later; as soon as poor Warwick's business affairs are settled. You knew he'd appointed me one of his executors, did n't you? His wife is the other, of course."

Her eyes brightened. "Then it is affairs of business that keep you so much away?"

He flushed. "Not altogether," he admitted. With all his experience in the Orient, Lansing had never learned to lie.

"By the way," he said one day, "why have you never gone to see O Lily San? She thinks it rather strange. I believe she wants to see you for some particular reason."

Toya shrank perceptibly. "Must I go?"

He looked at her, rather puzzled. "Don't you wish to? Why not? You used to be so fond of Lily."

Toya did not answer. He suddenly recalled her remark about preferring bad women to ladies. "You must remember that Lily has had a great deal to bear, Toya," he said quietly. "One cannot judge her without understanding. I think it would be kind of you to go. She's always taken a great interest in you, and she must

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

be very lonely in that great house. She has very few friends in town just now."

Toya, who had very few friends in all the world, wondered wistfully how she could be lonely when she had Lansing.

"Very well. I will go," she submitted.

But after all, it was not necessary for her to make the effort. She was returning from market the next morning when she heard her name called, and turned to find a crêpe-shrouded figure motioning to her from an elegantly-appointed limousine drawn up at the curb.

"Will you come for a drive with me, Toya, dear? I was on my way to see you, but we can talk quite as well driving," said the voice of Mrs. Warwick.

Toya approached with a certain eagerness. She had never before seen an American widow at close quarters. The widows of her recollection shaved their eyebrows and blackened their front teeth, and she wondered whether grief had led Lily Warwick to adopt such desperate measures. But somewhat to her disappointment, the face behind the heavy veil was if anything more beautiful, more vivid than ever. There was something about her that always made the girl aware



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

of her own crudeness. Mrs. Warwick's least possession reflected the charm of her personality, seemed to have been especially designed and created for her, from the delicate fabric that molded her graceful figure to the impalpable fragrance of orchids that her slightest motion freed upon the air.

As she moved aside to make room for Toya, both noticed a gold cigarette-box in one corner of the seat. "Oh, it's Harry's," said the lady lightly. "He must have forgotten it last night. We may as well leave it there for him."

A sudden unreasoning anger possessed Toya. She had a vision of Lansing alone with this exquisite woman in the intimacy of the limousine. So it was that he spent the long, moonlit evenings which he used to spend beside her in the *engawa*. Truly, the widows of America had strange ways!

Then she chided herself, humbly. Who was she to question the comings and goings of these superior beings? And where should Lansing spend his evenings more happily than with the woman he loved?

The effect of her chance remark was not lost on Mrs. Warwick. She smiled imperceptibly.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"It is about Harry that I want to consult you, dear. Have you noticed that he is not looking well lately?"

"It is because he now drinks wine with his dinner," explained Toya, promptly. "When he could afford but milk he gained in fatness. I have told him that so much wine makes unhealth of the stomach, also puffs beneath the eyes."

"Dear me! You evidently combine a knowledge of hygiene with your varied domestic accomplishments," murmured the other. "But I fear it is n't wine this time. He's used to that, you know. It's worry."

"Worry? But why? He makes much money now."

"As the assistant editor of a third-class magazine?" Mrs. Warwick laughed. "But the lack of money would n't worry him. He's accustomed to that, too. Toya, don't you realize it is because of *you* that he is so unhappy?"

"Me?" The girl was startled. "But to make him happy I would tear my heart in pieces!"

"Tearing one's heart in pieces," murmured the lady, "is n't exactly the way to make a man

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

happy. I'm afraid it would bore him. Men like Harry are so easily bored."

Toya looked at her, and waited. Under that impassive gaze the older woman fidgeted a trifle.

"I had not meant to speak quite so frankly," she said after a moment, "but somehow you make me. My dear girl, Harry ought not to marry you. Can't you see that?"

Toya's eyes shone suddenly. "Then he has not forgotten?"

"Forgotten — I wish he had!" said the other impatiently. "Oh, no; nothing will make Harry forget anything, no matter how tiresome, that he considers his duty. It's that absurd chivalry of his. Why, nothing but my prayers, positively, kept him from leading you to the altar the day after my husband's funeral. How people would have talked! I managed to make him realize that — but somehow he's got hold of the impression that you're in love with him, dear."

"I am," said Toya.

Lily Warwick bit her lip. "Really — ! Were n't the nuns able to teach you any conveniences whatever? Nice girls do not go about confessing love for men who care nothing for them."

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"But," remarked Toya, "he does care for me."

Mrs. Warwick gave her a quick glance. "Oh, of course, in a way! Harry was always absurdly fond of children."

"He does not kiss me," commented Toya, "as if I were a child."

Mrs. Warwick sat up. Then she laughed, musical and rather cruel laughter. "Of course he does n't, dear! Men are like that. Propinquity, a young face — kisses mean nothing. But it's too bad of Harry, under the circumstances. I often scold him about it."

Toya winced.

"O Lily San," she said earnestly, "it is perhaps true that Arri San cares little for me. I am unbeautiful. I am nothing. But he has need of me — that you know. When he has sickness, always he calls for me. No matter by what name, it is for *me* he calls. All things that he likes to eat, I have learned. When he is sad, I can make him laugh; men enjoy to laugh. And look how young I am, how healthful! The sons I bear him shall be also —"

"Toya!" protested the lady, horrified.

"Do not send me away from him, O Lily

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

San! I do not ask that he shall marry me. I am of no caste. It is not necessary. Only let me stay! I shall not be in your way. I shall be even as a daughter to him — though to be as a daughter," she added frankly, "I do not like."

Lily Warwick stared at her in cold distaste. Toya's candor had made reserve a useless artificiality, and it was the primitive woman who spoke, guarding her own.

"You know that he has been in love with me for years. Have you no pride whatever?"

"No," said the girl. "Why should he not have both of us — you to love, me to love him?"

"You know very well that's not possible. Don't play the ingénue," said the other sharply. "If he keeps you, of course he gives me up."

"No, no! Our marriage would make no difference in his friendship with you. He has said so."

"So! He discusses it with you?" The woman's breath caught. The insolence of this girl, promising her Lansing's friendship! "I'm sick of friendship," she broke out. "Here I am, nearly forty years old, and I've had nothing to fill my life but — friendship! I've no more time

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

to waste. Look!" She took the veil from her face. The pitiless sunlight showed hair that had become a trifle too brilliant, lips and cheeks carefully touched with rouge. "You know what my life with Warwick was. Do you suppose Lansing is the only man who ever tried to console me? Oh, no. I might have amused myself very well, as other women do. But Harry's such an idealist. He wants women to be saints. Ah, I'm no saint — but I've tried to be, to keep him." Her voice broke. "I — I love him, do you hear? I'm mad about him! What is your love, a girl's romantic fancy, compared with mine? You've all your life before you, and I — nothing but him. Why, if you really cared for him," she cried suddenly, "you'd *want* to leave him, for his own good!"

Toya passed a troubled hand across her eyes. Why was it that everyone insisted upon her leaving Lansing; her grandfather, the Washington doctor, Shea, the old playmate, even Warwick? Was it possible that they were right and she wrong?

The woman saw her advantage. "I am very rich now, you know. Think what my money will mean to him! Harry Lansing grubbing for

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

his daily bread — it's absurd! You know how he loves to travel, to entertain, to surround himself with beautiful things. And what kind of wife would you make for a man of his sort — an uncouth, ignorant foreigner, whom he took in out of charity?" She gazed at the girl with an anxiety that was oddly pathetic. Suddenly her eyes brimmed, and she dropped her head on the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, I don't mean to be unkind — but you are so fresh, so young!" she wailed. "He thinks he wants to marry you from a sense of duty, but I don't know, I don't know! Men are fickle. Ah, Toya, don't take him from me!"

Her abandonment touched the girl as no argument could have done. She remembered another time that Lily Warwick had sobbed on her shoulder, trusting her. She remembered that she and Lansing had entered then into a compact to "take care of her, somehow." Undoubtedly this was a person who must be taken care of. A quite motherly compassion came into the girl's face.

"No, no," she soothed, patting the other's shoulder. "No, no."

Lily Warwick lifted an eager, tear-stained face.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

for once unmindful of the gaze of the public; or perhaps the thought flashed through her brain that it was not unsuitable for a new widow to be seen weeping. "Do you mean — oh, Toya, do you mean that you won't let him marry you?"

Toya hesitated. She was thinking desperately. Her youth against the other's beauty, her usefulness against the other's helpless selfishness, Lansing's need of her against this woman's need of him — "If only I knew what he himself would wish!" she whispered, in an agony of doubt.

A temptation came to Mrs. Warwick. For a moment she struggled against it. She was not a bad woman; until recently she had believed herself an unusually good woman. But the instinct of self-preservation triumphed over conscience, and she lied.

"I had not meant to tell you, Toya, but — it was Harry himself who suggested my speaking to you."

When they parted, Toya shook hands in her usual manly fashion. "I shall not see you again," she said, quietly. "I pray that you will find and give happiness."

"What do you mean?" Lily was a little



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

frightened by what she had done. "Are you thinking of going away somewhere?"

Toya nodded.

"Soon?"

"Before Arri San returns from the office."

"What — without even seeing him to say good-by? But perhaps that is just as well." There was eager relief, as well as sympathy, in her voice. "If you like, I shall not tell him about our interview. He may as well think that you are going of your own accord."

Toya held her head rather high for a young woman who made no claims to pride. "I do go of my own accord."

"You probably need money, dear," Mrs. Warwick opened her purse eagerly. "I shall be so glad to —"

"I have much money," said Toya. There were two dollars in her pocketbook.

Mrs. Warwick was disappointed, and a little aggrieved. She had intended to be very generous.

The girl had turned away when she called after her, "But you have not told me where you are going?"

Toya smiled back steadily over her shoulder. "To my own people," she replied.

## CHAPTER XXII

**A**S she opened the door, Toya noticed an elderly man in a coat that was vaguely reminiscent of Lansing, carefully cut and pressed, albeit a trifle shabby at the seams. It was not the first time she had come upon the old servant hovering about the vicinity, haunting it as a deserted cat haunts the garbage barrels of its happier days. Grimes accepted her invitation to enter with alacrity. Questioned, he admitted that he had so far been hunable to suit 'imself in an hemployer, 'aving become haccustomed to the ways of gentlemen like Mr. Lansing.

“You may remain,” said Toya briefly. “Mr. Lansing needs a servant.”

Grimes thanked her humbly. His proud spirit was broken, and he no longer had the heart to resent the presence in his domain of young, strange females. But when he heard that the incubus was about to remove itself, his satisfaction verged upon triumph. “I could 'a' told 'er 'ow it would be from the first. 'E's fickle,

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

'Arry is — ow, yes! 'E's fickle," chuckled the old worldling, with an almost parental pride in his master's shortcomings.

He at once reassumed airs of proprietorship. While Toya packed, he kept a cautiously unobtrusive eye on her to be sure that none of Lansing's valuables made their way into her trunk. It was his experience that foreign females who came from nowhere and disappeared in the same direction would bear watching. Once when she laid a hesitating hand on the doll, Arri-Lily, in its place of honor on Lansing's chiffonnier, she heard an admonishing voice behind her.

"Would n't touch that, miss, hif I was you. Mr. Lansing 'as a fahncy for the thing, and if anything was to 'appen to it, I really would n't like to say."

Toya was not sorry to leave the doll. She knew that when Lansing looked at it he must think of her a little, even with Lily Warwick at his side.

Her chin was still high when she sat down at last to write her farewell, though at times her shoulders shook with dry, convulsive sobbing.

I grieve that you are so old, Arri San. I do not desire a husband who is bald-headed, also poor. Of

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

poverty and work I am weary. I wish to dance, to amuse myself. In my mother's country I shall not be always an unlike, as here. Also, O Bo Chan is wealthy, and young. It is true that he is a low-caste man, but I, as you know, am of no caste. Grimes will make you comfortable until the coming of O Lily San. For everything I give you thanks. Do not drink too much of wine with your dinner because it makes unhealth of the stomach.

TOYA.

She went through the rooms, blindly touching the things she had loved, leaving with them silent messages for Lansing. Grimes followed her suspiciously.

"Cab's below, miss. Charges by the hour," he at last remarked.

At the door she turned, showing him a white, agonized face that startled him.

"Grimes," she said breathlessly, "I *beg* of you to learn the cooking of bacon. He has great fondness for crisp bacon."

She stumbled down the stairs and into the waiting taxicab.

"Go quickly, quickly!" she urged, giving an address which the watchful servant stowed away in his memory. She would have given the remaining years of her life for one of the tears that Lily Warwick shed so easily.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

The taxicab deposited her and her small trunk on the sidewalk in front of a tall, dingy house, every window of which seemed to have its pair of curious eyes turned upon her. A taxicab was evidently an event in the neighborhood. When she had dismissed it, giving the chauffeur the last cent in her pocketbook, she gazed after it in sudden panic. This was the day O Bo Chan intended to leave New York. What if he were already gone? Her self-reliance deserted her. The dingy old house with its hidden watchers seemed to her sinister, menacing. She turned to run after the disappearing taxicab. At that moment the little Japanese himself appeared in the doorway. Toya gave a cry of relief. For a moment he stared at her, blinking in amazement. Then he summoned his dignity to greet her as though her coming had been long expected. Your Oriental does not expose his emotions in public.

"You are arrive in time. Enter, O Toya San," he said, waved an inclusive hand toward the trunk, and preceded her into the house.

Toya gazed after him in dismay. Did he expect her to carry the trunk? Suddenly she remembered that these were the ways of her people.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

The trunk was small and light, not an impossible burden for her sturdy young shoulders. Staggering under its weight, she followed the juggler.

When the door of the room closed behind them, his manner changed. He came close to her, his eyes glowing with triumph, murmuring soft Japanese words of endearment and welcome.

"You have come to me! I shall not go alone to Kamioko. How you are welcome, O Toya, my beautiful! Like to the wind from the south, like to the rain that falls upon parched grasses. All Japan shall rejoice in your coming, O moon-faced one, O feet as light as thistledown!"

The girl closed her eyes, trying to forget the smallness and the ugliness of her lover. It was useless. She put out unconscious hands to ward him off.

"Yes, yes," she interrupted breathlessly, "but let us be married at once, quickly, so that when Arri San follows me — for I know that he will come — he shall be too late."

His eyes opened in quite genuine surprise.

"Marry?" he said. "What talk is this of marriage?"

Toya stared at him. Slowly, as she looked, her innocence died and she understood. A flush

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

crept along her body, mounting from her feet to the roots of her hair.

"You do not wish me in marriage," she whispered.

His smile was gently deprecating.

"Am I then a dog that I accept what another man casts from his table? Am I as these pigs of America who marry each woman that takes the fancy, only to unweave her when the fancy dies? Truly, no. We of Japan marry for the home, for posterity. Such as you we do not make the mothers of the race. For why? You, O Toya San, are even as your noble and never-to-be-forgotten mother. I do not wish that my daughters shall likewise become —" The word he mentioned Toya had never heard, but she understood it by instinct. "Also," he added in English, as an afterthought, "I have already good little Japanese wife by mother in Kamioko residing."

Suddenly he cowered away from the girl, and with reason. If she had had a knife in her hand she would have killed him. She came close to him.

"What a little, funny, yellow man!" she murmured, pleasantly smiling. "You with your

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

travels in the world — have you not yet learned the jokes of white people? Do you believe that a lady of America, a Samurai, would look upon such as you except to laugh? *Hai!*”

Several squares from the house she was still running. It seemed to her overwrought brain that she was pursued by a dozen little yellow men, all shouting the terrible name that she had understood by instinct. She shrank, shivering, from the people who turned to stare at her. With the death of innocence, shame had been born in her, and a fear of men. Like Eve in the garden, she knew that she was naked.

After a while she looked about her with seeing eyes, and realized that she was in the neighborhood of Coralie's flat. The thought of the big, kind woman was a sudden comfort to her. She yearned to hide her face in a friendly bosom, to feel a woman's arms holding her close.

But as she approached the apartment the dancer herself came out to a waiting automobile, followed by a maid with luggage, and a vapid-faced youth bearing her poodle. She waved a welcome.

“Comin' to see me off, kiddo? You're too late. Sure, I'm goin' away — did n't you know?”



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Off to Yirrup to spend some of the money Polly left me. No more dancin' in mine. Poor old Polly! Always so free with his money." She heaved a conscientious sigh of regret. "But you're lookin' sort of peaked, hon. What's the trouble — Lansing?" She gave the girl a shrewd, kindly glance. "Things look kind o' bad, with her a rich widow and all — but you hang on, kiddo! I know what I'm talkin' about. She's gettin' old. You got plenty of time to wait, and she ain't. Believe *me!*"

The girl gazed after her in quiet despair. No other refuge suggested itself to her. She was spent with emotion and exhaustion. Since early morning she had eaten nothing. There was no money in her purse; in all the city she had no friend except the one to whom she could never turn again. She tried to pray and could not. Heat surged up from the pavement in dizzy waves that nauseated her.

A car stopped before her, filled with weary people seeking relief in the city's great breathing place. She entered it and sank into a seat. The conductor came for her fare.

"I have no money," she said indifferently.

The man hesitated.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"Where you goin' to, miss? The park?"

She nodded.

After a second glance at her face, he paid the fare himself.

The rush of air revived her a little, so that her brain began to work quite independently of her, as if it belonged to someone else.

"What shall you do now?" it asked. "You must decide. You cannot go back."

"Why not?" whispered Toya. "I am very weary. He has not yet come home. He need never know that I have gone."

"And your promise?" Her brain was stern. "Is it *Bushido* to go back? Remember that it was for his own good you left him."

"What then — my grandfather?"

"He will believe you come for his money. Have you no pride?" Her brain seemed to speak with the voice of Lily Warwick.

"What then?" repeated Toya humbly.

There was a pause.

"Do you not know?" whispered her brain.

Suddenly Toya lifted her head. She understood. She was a daughter of the *Samurai*. The time had come for her to go to her own people; and she was glad.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Central Park had never seemed as crowded. Heat lay over the city like a pall, and half New York was seeking the refreshment of trees, grass, and lapping water. Toya wandered about, vainly seeking solitude. Every tree sheltered its group of merry-makers, the lake echoed from shore to shore with the laughing cries of children. She came at last to a place where nothing could be seen of the surrounding city except a few tall buildings, looming like fairy palaces through shrouding haze that had taken on the rainbow hues of sunset. There she settled herself to wait for the world to go home to dinner. Presently the glory faded into gray; lights began to twinkle in the fairy palaces; overhead in the trees the birds chirped drowsily. "For it is the time when all the small folk of earth prepare for sleep." She had spoken the words before, somewhere.

Yet still she was not alone. Near by, some wizened, ragged little people of the slums played on at their games with an eager awkwardness, as though they were not used to playing.

"O little brothers," she said gently, "if there were time I could show you better games than that!"

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

They looked up at her, startled. With one accord they turned and scampered away.

"I have frightened them!" she thought remorsefully. "It is because I am so unlike."

She went to the edge of the lake, a placid silver mirror in the gathering twilight.

"It is shallow. I shall have to wade out far," said Toya, with a shuddering thought of the slime beneath.

The occult waves that pass from human creatures to their kind made her aware that she was not yet alone. On the other side of the tree against which she had been leaning, she came upon a man and a woman, silent, oblivious of her, of the world. The woman's hat had fallen off, her hair was about her shoulders, every line of her body yielded itself to an embrace that might have lasted for hours, so fixed it was, so motionless. Toya drew near and watched them, fascinated, a tender smile curving her mouth. So Lansing had held her, so they had kissed. At least she had not to go away from life without understanding its meaning.

The lovers suddenly stared up at her, and drew apart.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"Continue!" she urged softly. "It is very beautiful."

But they seemed reluctant to continue. They moved away, with angry backward glances; and Toya was at last alone.

She put her toe into the pool. A hundred little fishes came hurrying to investigate.

"They are hungry," she thought, and wished that she had brought crumbs to feed them. Suddenly she drew her foot back with a gasp. The horrible, hungry little fishes! To lie there at their mercy till the slime released her, till children came upon her in their play, and ran from the sight of her, screaming —

Toya hurried away from the silver, placid pool, panting for breath. A policeman who had stopped to watch her followed as far as the park gates.

"Lost her nerve," he said to himself, relieved. . . .

A ferryboat had just left its dock, and the water came heavily back against the wharf like waves of black oil. Toya gazed down at it, unafraid. The current was deep, and strong. She would swim until she could swim no more; then she would lie upon her back and float; and so floating she would come at last around the world

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

to Japan, to the very mouth, perhaps, of the little river, Kamioko.

The first breath of a breeze from the sea cooled her face.

"Welcome!" she said in greeting, and slipped off her shoes.

The breeze seemed in a hurry. It rushed through the streets, flinging the hot dust broadcast; it seized a newspaper on the dock and whirled it along rapidly to the very edge, where it wrapped itself about the girl's legs and clung as if it were a living thing, so that she had difficulty in removing it. As she did so, certain headlines caught her eye in the dim light:

**SIMON MARRIOTT NEARING END.**

**GREAT FINANCIER SUFFERS SECOND STROKE**

The paper dropped limp. The breeze had died as suddenly as it came. Toya had a vision of a dim, empty house smelling of dust, a little old man hovering over his fire.

After a moment she said aloud: "So! I understand," and put on her shoes again.

## CHAPTER XXIII

**A**T the door of Simon Marriott's house Toya was run into by a man who emerged, muttering, evidently perturbed in spirit.

"My grandfather is already dead?" she asked quietly.

"Dead? Not he!" grunted the man. Then he looked at her with sudden curiosity. "So there's a grandchild, eh? First I ever heard of it. Well, I hope you'll be able to do something with the old man. *I* can't. He discharged the third nurse I've sent him to-day, and he's doing his best to discharge me. Says he can't afford doctors and nurses at his age. 'Can't afford —' Bah!"

"My grandfather has become poor?"

It seemed to Toya that poverty dogged her footsteps like a Nemesis.

The doctor laughed.

"Well, hardly poor, young lady. I suppose his monthly savings would exceed my year's income. He's a miser, that's all. Says he's got

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

to save his money for somebody who 'll enjoy it more than he ever has."

Toya mounted the stairs very wearily. A single gas jet in an asbestos burner shed a ghastly, pallid light through the dim hall with its shrouded furniture; up the echoing stair well into unguessed heights of gloom above. She crossed the study, empty now, and paused on the threshold of a room beyond, also gloomily lighted by a single asbestos burner. Toya looked about her with some curiosity. Simon Marriott lay in the midst of a monumental bed, his wasted figure making slight impression upon the bedclothes. Beside him, sprawled comfortably across the dingy counterpane, the dog Inu slept the audible and fitful sleep of age. The room was full of toys; a rocking-horse, a train of cars, a baseball bat, a damaged doll of the sort little boys occasionally deign to play with.

She started. Had her grandfather gone into his dotage? Then she saw that the walls were covered with framed drawings; crude childish efforts; water-color sketches; certain Japanese studies which she recognized, among them the one of herself as a baby. She found on those walls every picture which her father had sold dur-



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

ing her recollection. Simon Marriott had cornered the market on his son's output.

As she stood there, a new warmth gathering about her heart, the figure on the bed reached out a feeble arm and tugged at the bell cord. The bell jangled faintly through the silent house, eliciting no response. He rang again, a third time; still no response. Suddenly his face began to work, and he burst into tears of rage, and helplessness, and self-pity. For the first time in her life, Toya felt tears in her own eyes.

"Look, grandfather!" she cried, running to him. "You are not alone. See! Here am I."

He did not look at her. By a supreme effort of the old master-will, he managed to control the working of his features.

"See," she said again, very gently. "It is Toya. I have come to take care of you."

Still he dared not look at her; but when he spoke his voice was as gruff as she remembered it.

"Very well," he said. "Begin."

A curious, silent friendship developed between the pair. Speech was a great effort to Simon Marriott, and the girl was grateful that he asked no questions, demanded no explanations. He lay

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

day after day in his great bed, motionless from the waist down, content to follow her with his eyes while she went deftly about her self-imposed task of bringing order out of chaos. Sometimes there was faint amusement in those watching eyes; sometimes another expression which Toya never saw; for Simon Marriott suffered from "that modesty of soul which forbids exposure of the emotions." If he was aware of the changes going on about him, he made no comment.

Toya could no more have kept her hands off the disorder existing in that household than he himself could have refrained from interference in the affairs of a tottering financial concern. There was an effluvium of soapsuds in the air; and the one slattern who had combined the duties of housemaid and sick nurse went about with a look of pained surprise, sniffing the dustless atmosphere as if it were a menace to the public health.

"I do not think," said Toya to her grandparent, "I really do not think that she *enjoys* to clean!"

"Get others," he suggested. "Get several others."

Nothing loath, Toya went into the business

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

of housewifery on a large scale, and it gave her a feeling of usefulness, of importance, that was akin to happiness. But the eyes that watched from the bed noticed that there were shadows beneath her eyes, and that the pallor of her face was growing almost waxen.

"Why do you never leave the house?" he asked one day. "I'm not going to die yet a while!"

Toya did not answer. The truth was that she dared not run the risk of meeting Lansing.

"Can't you see," he said again testily, "that the dog needs exercise?"

Thereafter Inu got his daily exercise in the back yard, where he stalked tomcats and sparrows along the fences under the delirious impression that he was a pointer.

Another morning Simon Marriott said: "I'm tired of that dress of yours."

"I have no others," explained Toya. Her trunk was still at O Bo Chan's lodgings.

The old man reached with difficulty under his pillows and drew forth a shabby wallet stuffed with bills.

"Get others," he said, putting it into her hand.

"It is too much money, grandfather!"

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"Get plenty. Get silk ones. Women like to shop."

But Toya sent a maid out to make the necessary purchases.

Daily she read the papers to her grandfather from cover to cover, lingering over the financial news. Occasionally he sent for his secretary and transacted business, overriding the doctor's protests with a calm: "Humph! D'ye think my mind's bedridden?"

The doctor was amazed at the effect of Toya's nursing.

"Care was what you needed," he said once. "I declare, I believe you're going to get well."

To which the other replied grimly:

"You know damn well I'm not. But I've got some things to settle before I get out."

As he spoke he looked at Toya.

The days passed, and she had no word of Lansing. Doubtless he had married Lily, and they were happy together somewhere, forgetting her. She tried to picture them together in the different rooms of the apartment, chatting, and reading, playing at cooking in the tiny kitchen. The effort was a failure. Doubtless rich people such as they did not amuse themselves so simply. Perhaps

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

the rooms were deserted and vacant, no longer a home.

When the girl fell into her frequent reverie, the needle, or the duster, or whatever was her implement of the moment idle in her hands, those watching eyes from the bed turned quickly away, with a delicacy which the associates of Simon Marriott would have found incredible. Once at such a time he said abruptly: "The Warwick woman has gone abroad. For several years."

Toya started, and the sudden color flooded her face.

"You knew that I was thinking of her, grandfather!" she said, awed. "Are you then possessed of second-sight?"

She knew that such miracles sometimes occurred to the very old.

Simon Marriott smiled. He could have computed to a cent what his second-sight with regard to Lansing's affairs cost him per annum. Then the significance of his words struck her.

"She has gone away — they have not yet married?" she cried. "But why? How they are foolish to put off their happiness! Do they not know that happiness will not always wait? And she has gone away, and Arri San is quite alone

## TOY A THE UNLIKE

still! Oh, but it is not good for him to be alone!"

Simon Marriott, looking straight in front of him, made an irrelevant remark.

"Men," he said, "have a way of wanting what they can't get. And *vice versa*."

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE next afternoon Simon Marriott had a caller.

"You may tell him to wait," he bade the maid, much to Toya's surprise, for the old man usually dismissed his rare visitors with scant ceremony. "It's that fellow Lansing," he said, not looking at her. "Thought you might like to see him."

"No, no," gasped Toya. "No! I dare not!"

"*Dare* not?" For a moment the old fierce gleam came into his eyes. "Has the man done anything to make you afraid of him?"

"I — I cannot!"

Suddenly Toya found herself on her knees beside the bed, sobbing the whole story into the bedclothes. Her grandfather did not listen to it. The details were already familiar to him, thanks to his second-sight at so much per annum. The light that Toya never saw grew in his eyes until they were almost maternal. Inu, scenting distress in the air, solicitously licked Toya's cheek.

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

The man envied him his gift of expression. Once his hand hovered tentatively over that fallen head, but withdrew, too unused to caressing to venture.

"So you see," finished the girl incoherently, "that I must not let him see how I love him, for then out of charity will he marry me."

"Out of charity?" said Simon Marriott, with a grim smile. "Hardly that. You are one of the heiresses of this country. But if you don't want to see the fellow, you need not."

He rang for the waiting maid.

"Show Mr. Lansing in," he said.

Toya, with a reproachful look, leaped to her feet.

"Here he comes," said Mr. Marriott.

She turned and ran — as far as the first door. There she hesitated. Her grandfather was not watching her. He was gazing into space, carelessly oblivious. She crept behind the portières.

All the insouciance was gone from Lansing's manner, and there were lines in his face which she had never seen before. There was even a slight carelessness about his dress; and at sight of that Toya's hand went to her heart. She knew that he must be very unhappy, indeed.



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"Sorry to see you ill, sir," he said, with perfunctory politeness, entering the room. "You sent for me? You have had news of Toya?" he added, with a sudden eagerness.

"Have n't you?" parried Simon Marriott.

Lansing's face fell.

"No. I have learned nothing but what I wrote you. My servant caught the address she gave, and I traced her as far as a lodging house for cheap actors. The woman who kept it either could not or would not give me any information as to Chan's whereabouts, nor had she seen Toya. But I at last got her to admit that the Japanese had left a trunk there, saying he would let her know later where to send it. I saw the trunk. It was undoubtedly Toya's — one I bought her years ago in Tokyo." He let his hands fall heavily. "I'm afraid there is no doubt about it, sir. She's gone off with the fellow."

"Humph!" said Simon Marriott. "My granddaughter takin' up with a mountebank! D'ye suppose she'd marry a man of that sort?"

Lansing flushed and hesitated.

"I — I hope they are married, sir," he said slowly. "Toya has strange ideas. She's as innocent as a child. If he has n't married her —"

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

Lansing clenched his hands, and said something between his teeth.

"And are you married?" asked Simon Marriott.

Lansing lifted his eyebrows.

"I?"

"Yes. Everybody said you were going to marry the Warwick woman."

Lansing stared at him, an angry color mounting to his forehead. But as he stared his gaze softened. The change in the old man was pathetic. Who could quarrel with a bedridden old gentleman in a nightcap?

"Everybody," he said quietly, "was mistaken — as usual. Mrs. Warwick is my very good friend — has been for years, and will always continue to be, I hope. She is too recently widowed to think of marriage; and when she does, I hope she will select a man more deserving of her than I am, one who will be able to offer her much that I cannot. Mr. Marriott," he said, with some abruptness, "I am unable to rid myself of the idea that Toya will come back to me some day. She will not be happy with that Oriental. I know it! She will come back to me."

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"And you would take her back — asking no questions?"

"Take her back! Why, man, don't you understand? It would be the happiest day of my life!"

"That means," said Simon Marriott, "that you're in love with the girl?"

"Yes."

"Humph! Ever tell her so?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I did n't know it in time. I was a fool!"

"You were," said Simon Marriott.

The younger man smiled forlornly.

"I have n't the heart to quarrel with you properly to-day, sir. Good-by," he said, and turned away.

"One moment —" Simon Marriott cast a furtive glance at a pair of agitated portières. "Don't deceive yourself with false hopes. Toya is not going back to you. But as for that foreign mountebank — why, my granddaughter would n't use him for a doormat!"

Lansing wheeled about.

"What? You mean to say she did *not* go to

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

him?" he cried incredulously. "Then where in hell did she go?"

"Why, to me!" cried the old man in triumph. "Where else should she go?"

"Thank God!" whispered Lansing.

After a moment he asked quietly to speak to Toya.

Marriott shook his head. He was panting with the effort of so much speech.

"No use. Does n't want to see you. Done with you—told me to tell you so. Tired of shillyshallying. Likes a man to know his own mind. Women are that way."

"But —" exclaimed Lansing.

"You're too old," panted the other imperturbably. "Failure and all that. Granddaughter of mine would n't have much use for failure."

It was more than Toya could bear. She burst from the portières, crying:

"Do not listen to him, Arri San! He speaks untruth. He is a wicked old man, without shame! He has jealousy!"

Lansing, speechless, held out his arms. From their shelter she arraigned her grandfather.

"He wishes to keep me here to nurse him, to make him comfortable. He tries to hurt you. I

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

hate him! It is not true that you are old, a failure — besides, I *love* old men, I *love* failures!”

A sound from the bed startled them. The rôle of Cupid had been too much for Simon Marriott. He collapsed among his pillows, limp and gray as the dead.

“Oh, what things have I said!” groaned Toya, running to him. “Grandfather, I lied! I do not hate you, I do not! Only listen!”

But as she bent over him in an agony of remorse, she saw that his mustaches worked up and down with the effect of a rabbit eating lettuce. Simon Marriott was laughing.

## CHAPTER XXV

**L**ANSING and his wife sat for the last time in the shelter of the kudzu-vine, which, quite unaware of its natural limitations, seemed ambitious to include the entire apartment-house in its green embrace. Their two-days' honeymoon had taken them no farther away than this, for Toya declined to desert her grandfather.

It was late, but still the sounds of the wakeful city came up to their retreat; vaguely, impersonally, things with which they had no concern. Sitting there with an excellent cigar between his lips, Lansing was dreamily aware that life had gone well with him, very well indeed. He had known shame, and poverty, and grief, and a great fear, and out of it all he had come unharmed, with this warm little hand in his. He felt uplifted, beyond the sordid, unhappy, fretful world down there, quite out of its reach. Certain phrases came into his memory, which clothed his dim thoughts better than he could ever hope to clothe them. He murmured them aloud:

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

“ ‘ That stifled hum of midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice, or Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad. . . . The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying, men are being born; men are praying — on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; . . . gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and the blood-shot eyes look through the darkness for the light of a stern last morning. . . . Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us in horizontal position; their heads all in night-caps and full of the foolishlest dreams. . . . All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them, crammed in like salted fish in their barrel. . . . But I, mein Werther, sit above it all. I am alone with the stars.’ ”

“ And me!” reminded Toya, nestling closer lest he should forget. “ I also have read those

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

words," she added, proudly, "in the book of Mr. Carlyle."

"You have, eh?" he asked, surprised. "And what did you think of the book of Mr. Carlyle?"

"That it was very learned," she said, respectfully. "Arri San" — she looked up at him in some anxiety — "you know that I am not a learned person?"

"I know that you are a very wise and a very sweet person."

"Wise and sweet" — the words were pleasant on the tongue. "And — and pretty?" she added, in a small, insinuating voice.

He laughed. "You insatiable piece of vanity! How often must I tell you that you are not only pretty, but beautiful," he said, and meant it.

"Not," she whispered very low, "as beautiful as — O Lily San?"

He gathered her up in his arms. "Toya, I have a confession to make. I have absolutely forgotten how Lily Warwick looks! Oh, I suppose I could describe her features, the color of her hair, and so forth — but in my mind's eye, I simply don't see her."

Toya's face was so radiant that she had to hide it on his shoulder. "*Poor* Lily!" she murmured.



## TOYA THE UNLIKE

"Look here," he said, uncomfortably, after a moment. "You need n't be so sorry for Mrs. Warwick. It makes me out such a cad. I — suppose we talk this thing out, and then drop it, shall we? As long as Lily needed me, I was on hand. When she ceased to need me — surely I had a right to choose my own life. And she's not suffering, you know. Oh, perhaps her pride's a little touched, her vanity. But there'll be plenty of people ready to soothe that — a rich, beautiful, charming widow. . . . Believe me, Toya, Lily does n't know how to really suffer. She has n't enough pigment in her soul for that."

"But to return into a great, empty house, when you and I are so happy!" said Toya compassionately. "A house without a husband, without — ah, men do not understand these things! And she is very old."

"If Lily could only hear you!" murmured Lansing. "Why, she's no older than I am."

"But in her old age she has nobody, while you have me."

"Yes — thank God!"

Toya was silent awhile. Then she said: "Arri San, I have been thinking thoughts: In my grandfather's house, there are more rooms than

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

you and he and I shall ever need. What I ask, my grandfather will gladly permit. Cannot O Lily San come to dwell with us?"

Lansing's face was a study. "Would that please you?"

"Then she could talk with you," said Toya, evasively, "of the things I do not understand; she could make parties for your friends; with us she would never be lonely or unhappy. . . ."

"Toya," he interrupted, "that little heart of yours is so big that I'm afraid I'm going to get lost in it, all by myself. Oh, my dear, forget about Lily Warwick!" he cried almost fiercely, crushing her to him. "Nobody matters now but you and me. Kiss me, and forget her!"

Nothing loath, she obeyed him.

"And what about Shea?" he asked presently, a twinkle in his eye. "Are n't you forgetting him in your scheme for making the whole world happy? Is he also coming to dwell with us?"

"That would not please Mr. Terenshay," she replied, gravely. "Besides, he is young, and has the idea of marriage. He will find easily a wife to live with him in his little house without a mortgage. Only, when that music-machine plays the Merry Widow dance will he think of me, per-

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

haps, with ache in his heart. Poor Mr. Terenshay!" she sighed; it is to be feared with some complacency.

Lansing grinned a little. "By the way," he hastened to say, contritely, "I made your friend shake hands with me, after all. When you disappeared, I went down to Washington in the forlorn hope that you might have gone to the Sheas. Terence and I had a little talk, and he told me what he thought of me — he also bashed me in the nose."

"Ho!" cried Toya. "I hope that you also bashed him in the nose?"

"I did, thoroughly. It was after that that we shook hands. All a misunderstanding."

A bell struck the hour. She jumped down from his knee. "Come to bed at once!" she ordered. "Hear how it is late! Remember that to-morrow you are once more the honest workingman."

He obeyed reluctantly. "Our last evening in the *engawa*! I declare, I hate to give up the little place. Of course your grandfather needs you, but —"

"He needs you also," she said quickly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "At least, we're

## TOYA THE UNLIKE

both very glad to make concessions for your sake. You've rather a way with the boys, my dear! But we've been so cozy here."

"You and I," she said, reassuringly, "will be cozy anywhere. Besides, it is best that we go into a larger place. Here there is not room."

"Room — for what, Toya?"

"For the children to play. It is strange that men never think of these important things!"

A little breeze from the sea was softly stirring the leaves of the kudzu-vine. "Welcome! I give you greeting," said Toya to it, under her breath.

And it seemed to her that the breeze answered, under its breath, *Oyasumi nasi!*



